CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND SUB MARINER

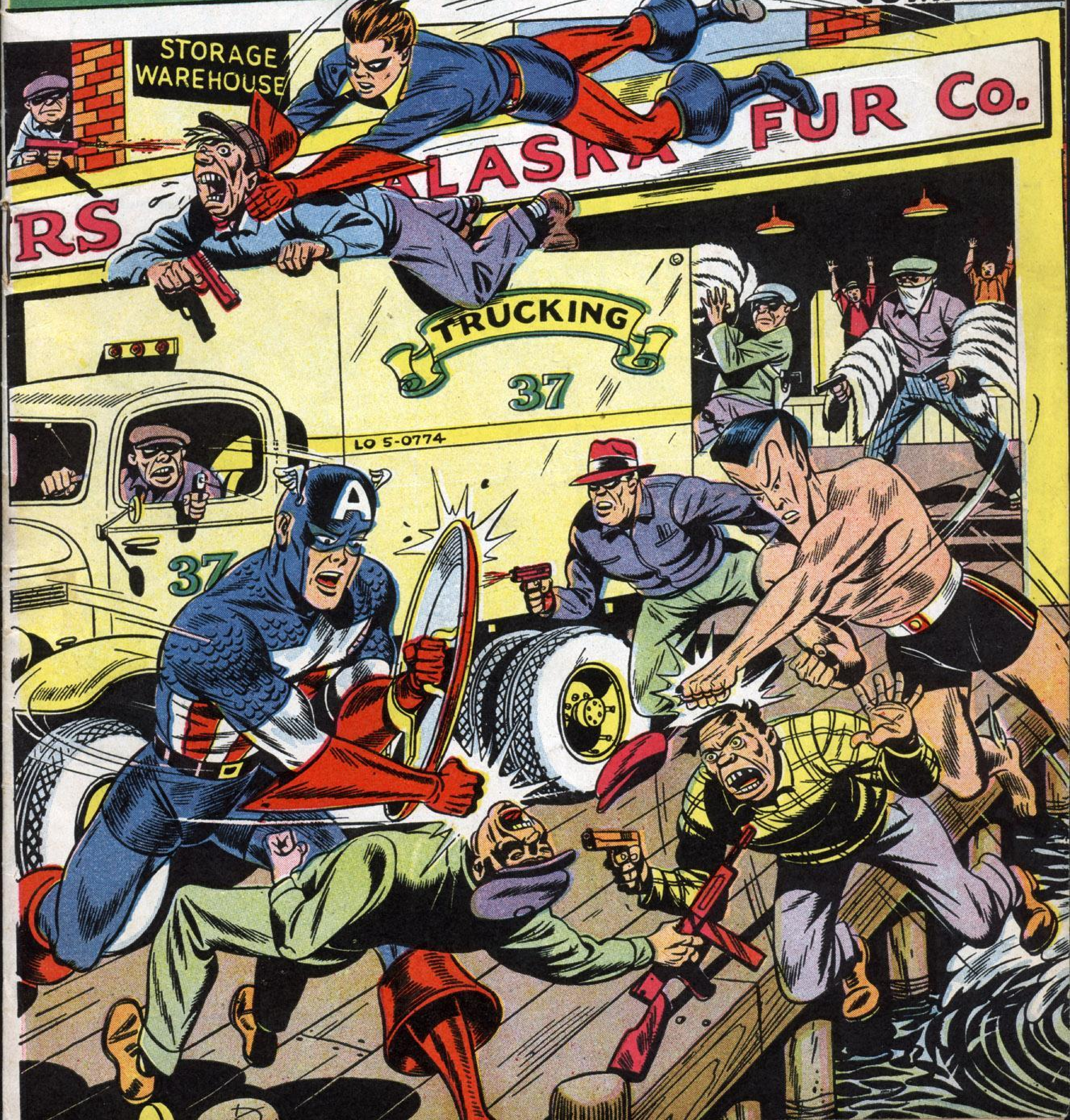
ALL WINNERS

NO.
16

SUMMER
ISSUE

10¢

COMICS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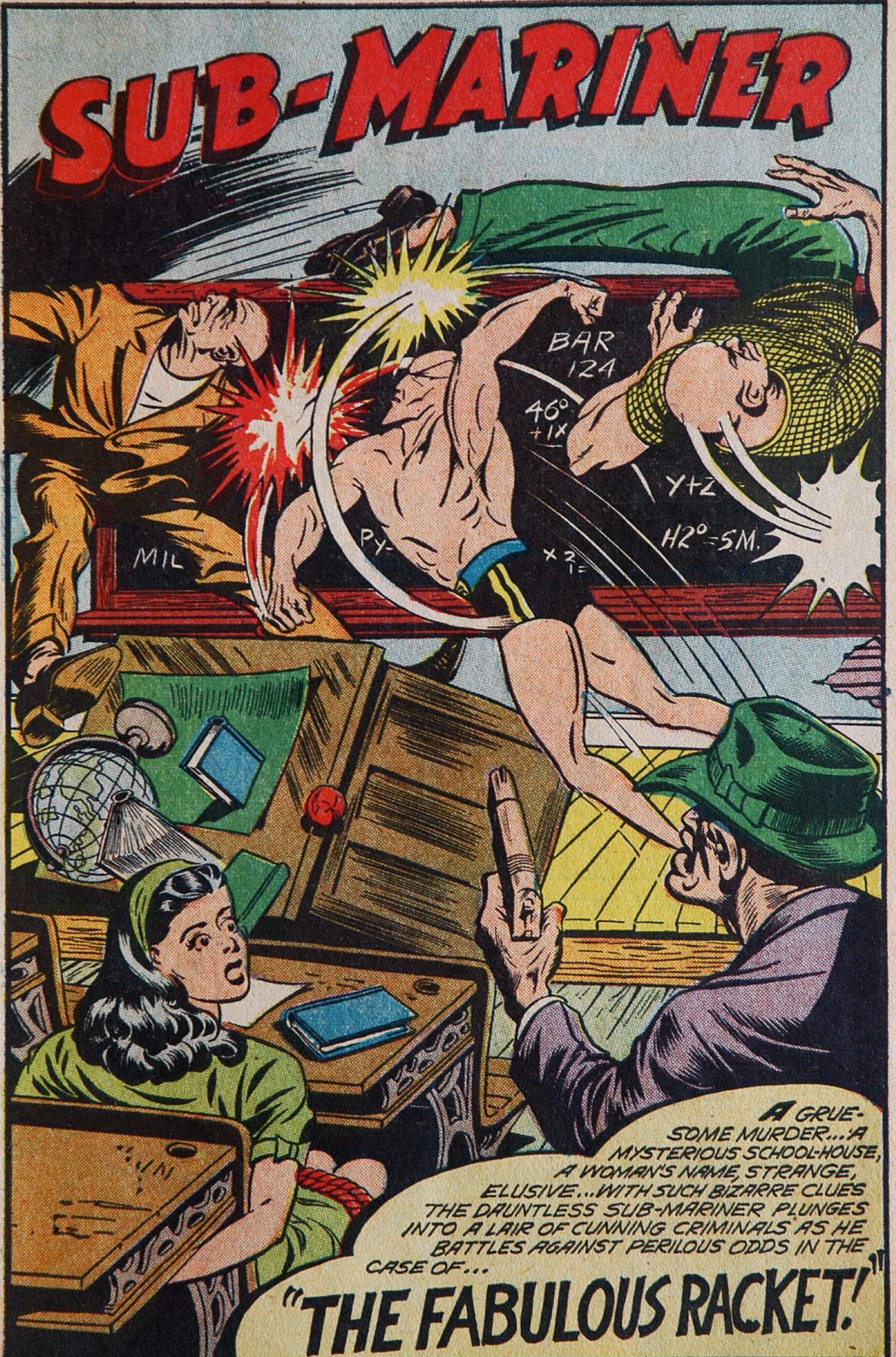
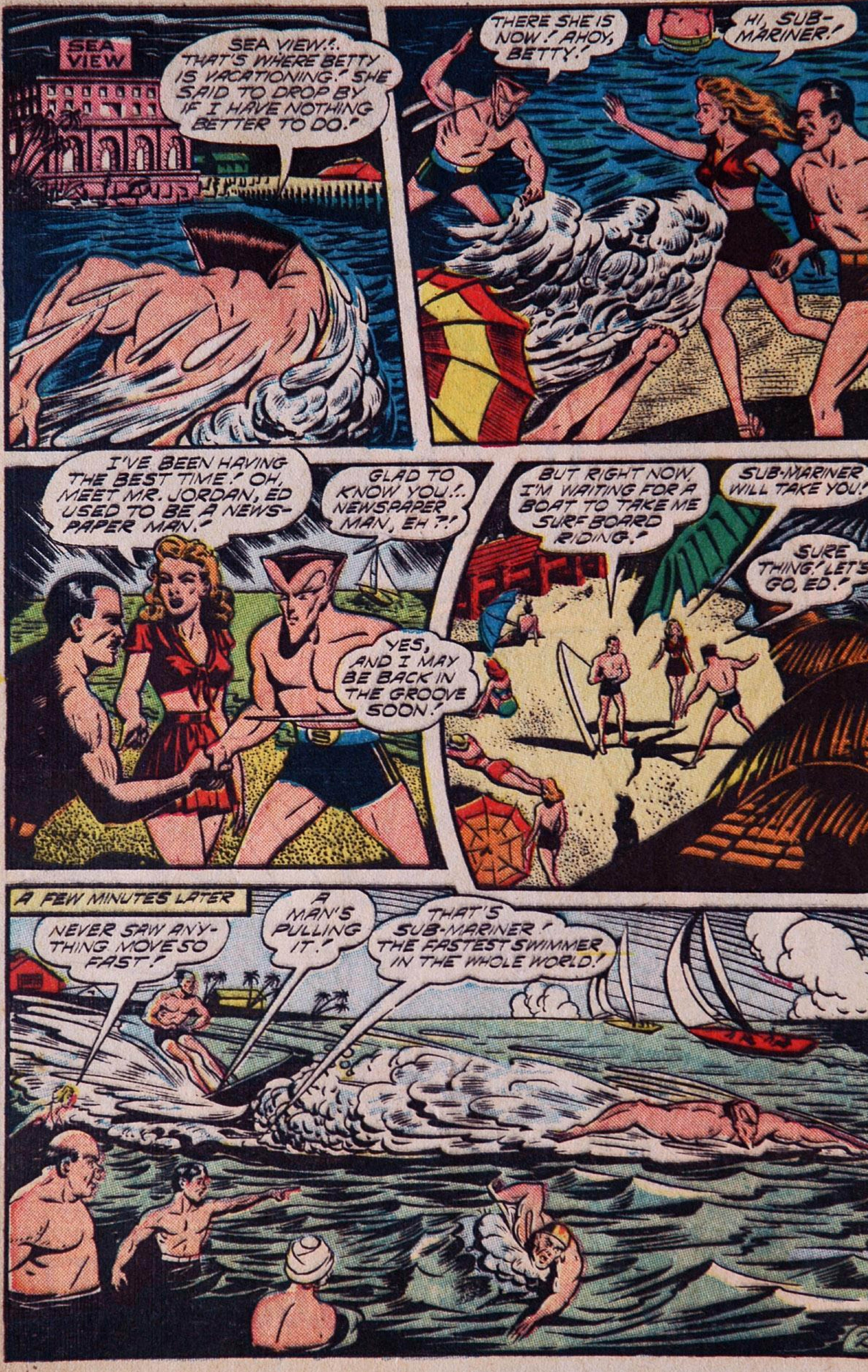
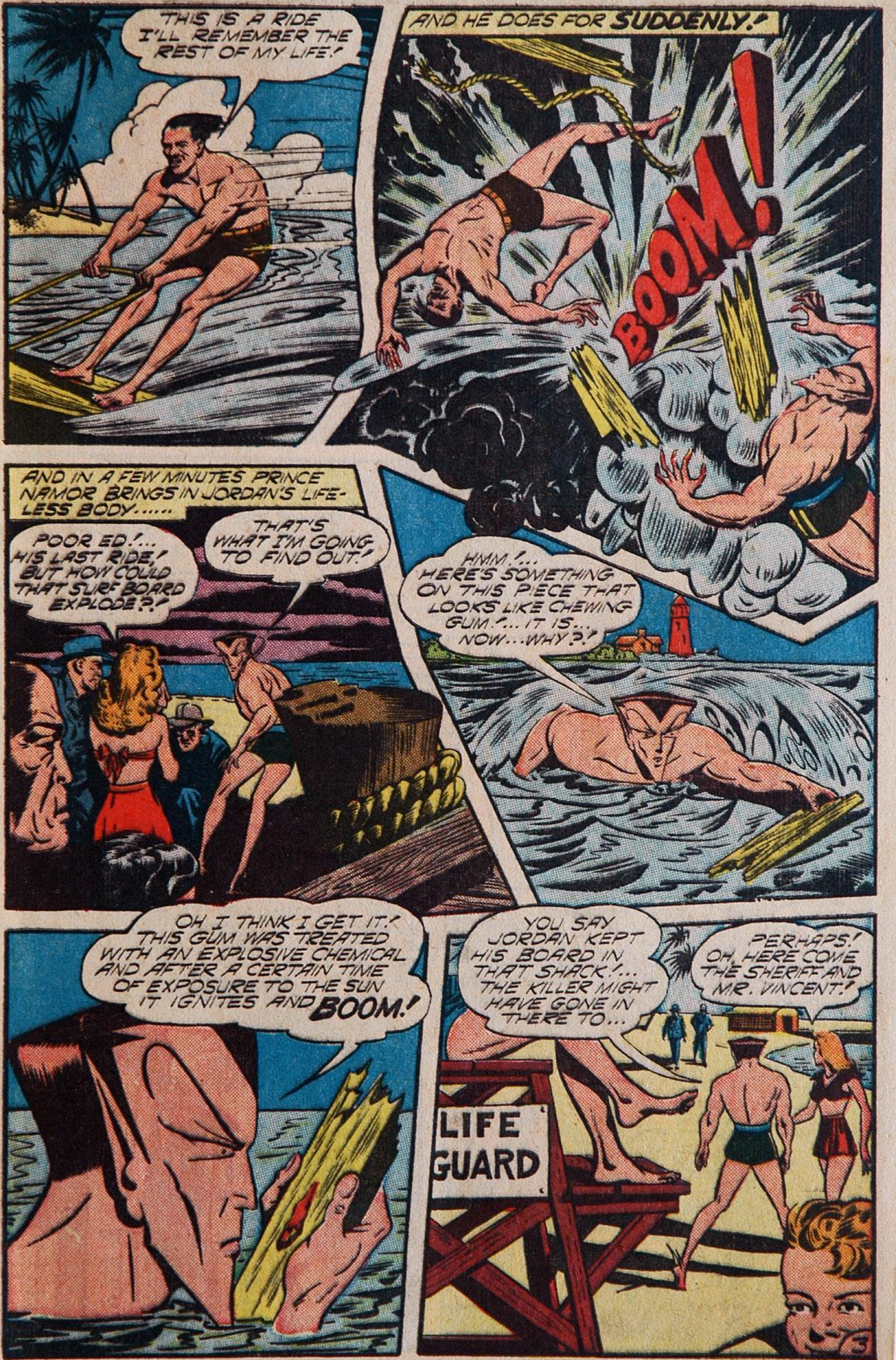
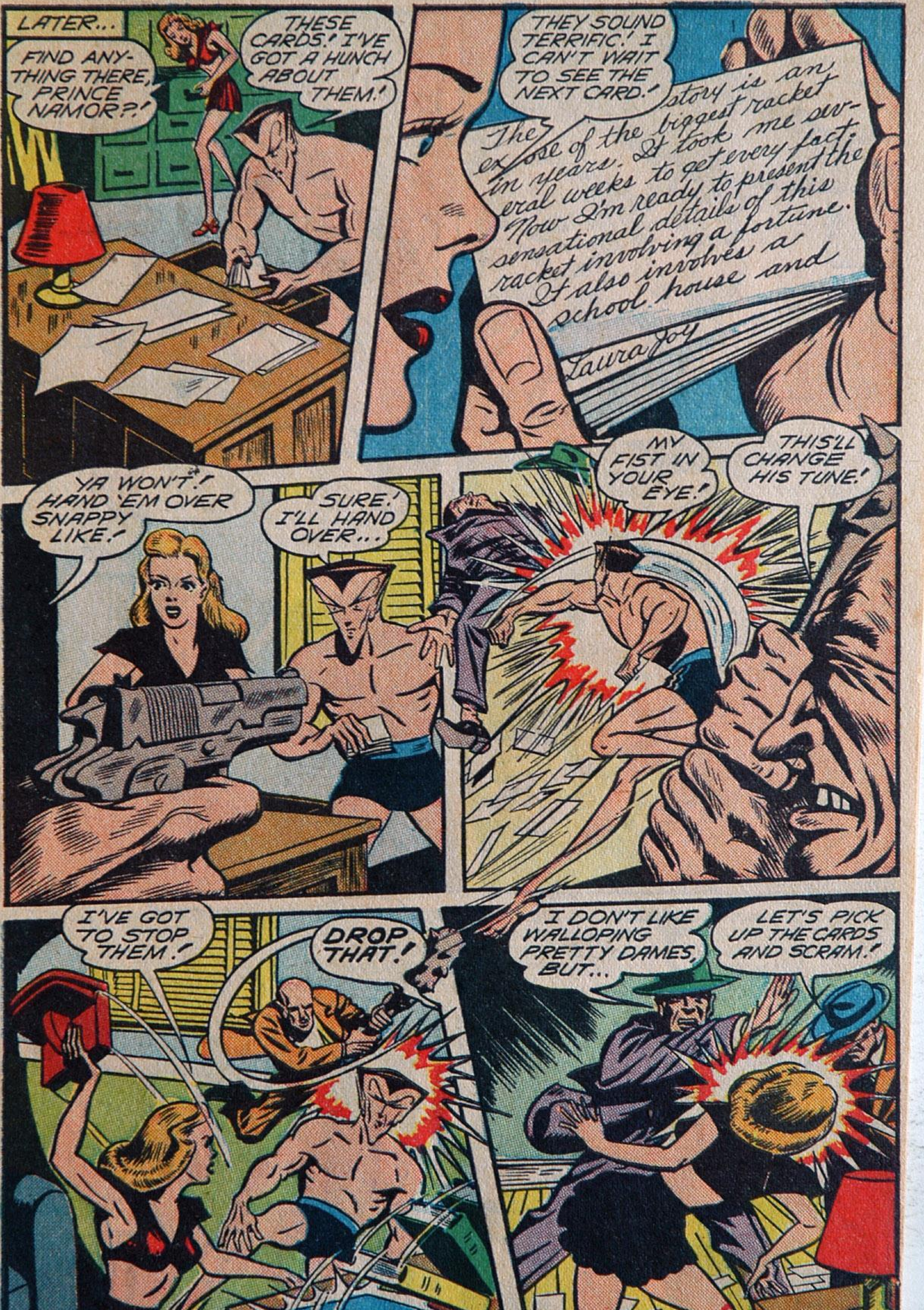
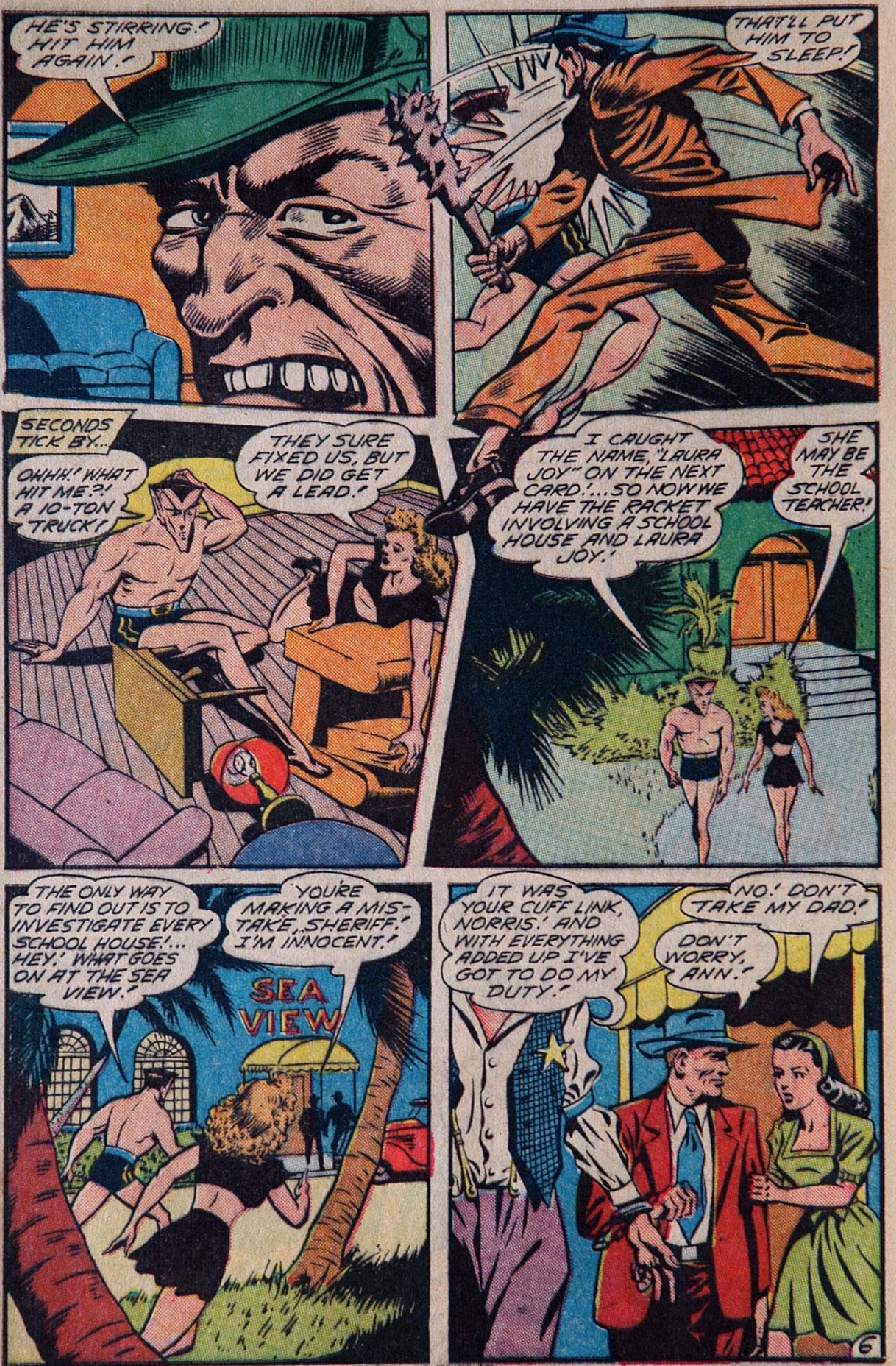

SUB-MARINER
BAR 124
46° +1X
Y+Z
H2°=S.M.
MIL
PY-
A GRUESOME MURDER...A MYSTERIOUS SCHOOL-HOUSE, A WOMAN'S NAME, STRANGE, ELUSIVE...WITH SUCH BIZARRE CLUES THE DAUNTLESS SUB-MARINER PLUNGES INTO A LAIR OF CUNNING CRIMINALS AS HE BATTLES AGAINST PERILOUS ODDS IN THE CASE OF...
"THE FABULOUS RACKET!"

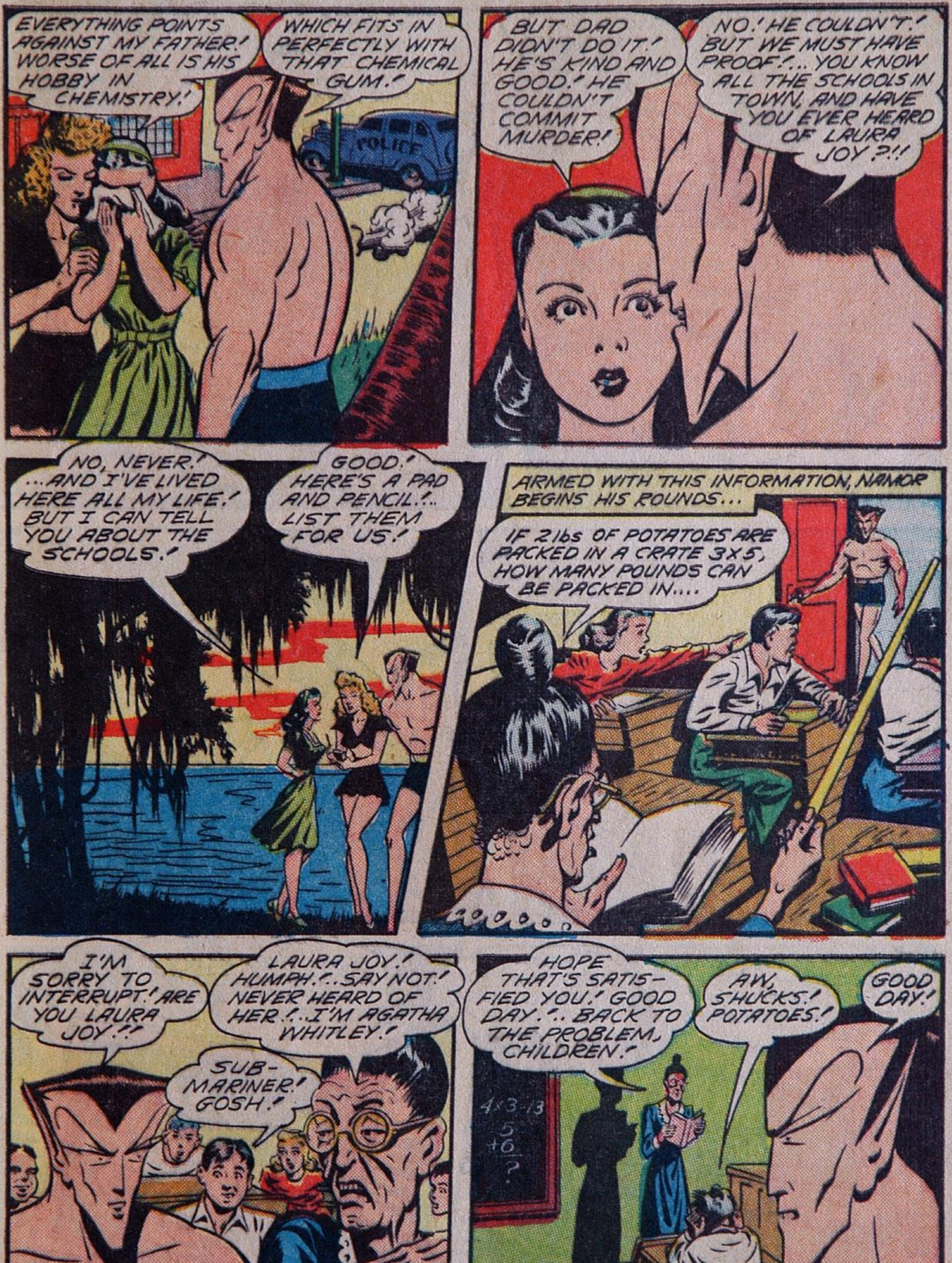

SEA VIEW
SEA VIEW!.. THAT'S WHERE BETTY IS VACATIONING! SHE SAID TO DROP BY IF I HAVE NOTHING BETTER TO DO!
THERE SHE IS NOW! AHOY, BETTY!
HI, SUB-MARINER!
I'VE BEEN HAVING THE BEST TIME! OH, MEET MR. JORDAN, ED USED TO BE A NEWSPAPER MAN!
GLAD TO KNOW YOU!.. NEWSPAPER MAN, EH?!
YES, AND I MAY BE BACK IN THE GROOVE SOON!
BUT RIGHT NOW, I'M WAITING FOR A BOAT TO TAKE ME SURF BOARD RIDING!
SUB-MARINER WILL TAKE YOU!
SURE THING! LET'S GO, ED!
A FEW MINUTES LATER
NEVER SAW ANYTHING MOVE SO FAST!
A MAN'S PULLING IT!
THAT'S SUB-MARINER! THE FASTEST SWIMMER IN THE WHOLE WORLD!


THIS IS A RIDE I'LL REMEMBER THE REST OF MY LIFE!
AND HE DOES FOR SUDDENLY!
BOOM!
AND IN A FEW MINUTES PRINCE NAMOR BRINGS IN JORDAN'S LIFELESS BODY......
POOR ED!... HIS LAST RIDE! BUT HOW COULD THAT SURF BOARD EXPLODE?!
THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!
HMM!... HERE'S SOMETHING ON THIS PIECE THAT LOOKS LIKE CHEWING GUM!... IT IS... NOW...WHY?!
OH I THINK I GET IT! THIS GUM WAS TREATED WITH AN EXPLOSIVE CHEMICAL AND AFTER A CERTAIN TIME OF EXPOSURE TO THE SUN IT IGNITES AND BOOM!
YOU SAY JORDAN KEPT HIS BOARD IN THAT SHACK!... THE KILLER MIGHT HAVE GONE IN THERE TO...
PERHAPS! OH, HERE COME THE SHERIFF AND MR. VINCENT!
LIFE GUARD

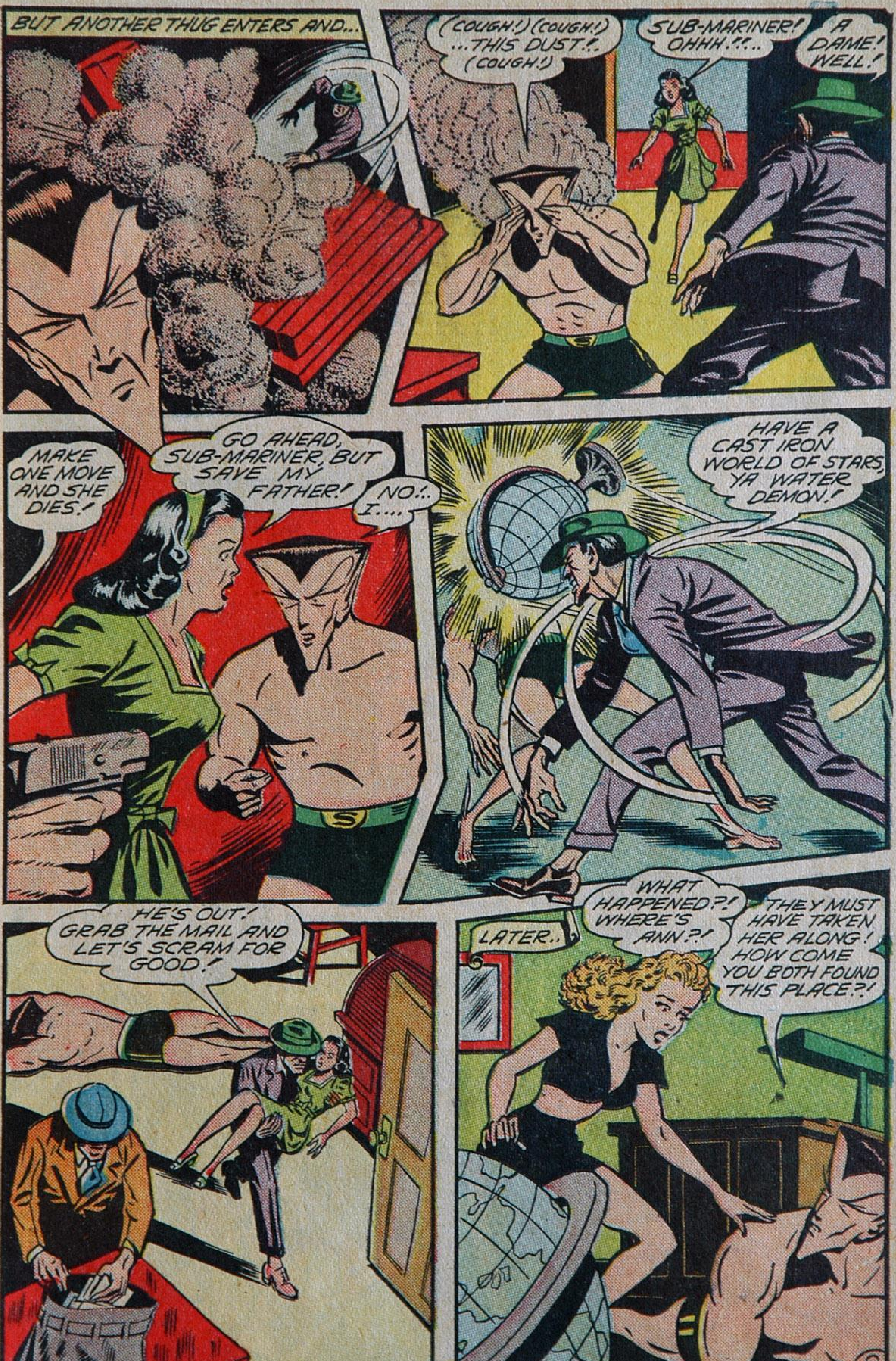
...MR. VINCENT IS HEAD OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HERE, PRINCE NAMOR!
...AND I'VE BEEN MIGHTY PROUD OF OUR FAIR TOWN! ...THIS TRAGEDY MAY BESMIRCH OUR GOOD NAME!
MEBBE SO, BUT NOT HAVING A MURDER IN TWENTY YEARS MAKES THINGS DULL FER A SHERIFF!
...JUST TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR, SUB-MARINER, AND THEN WATCH ME BUST THIS CASE WIDE OPEN!
OKAY, SHERIFF, WE START WITH THE CHEWING GUM!
AS SOON AS SUB-MARINER DESCRIBES HIS FINDINGS...
I'M AGONNA SEARCH THAT SHACK! ...MAYBE A CLUE IN THERE! LUCKY I BROUGHT ALONG MY HIGH POWERED LENSE!
SHERLOCK HOLMES IN THE FLESH! ...LET'S TAG ALONG, WATER BOY! HE MIGHT OVERLOOK SOMETHING!
WELL, BY CRACKEY! A CUFF LINK! INITIALS "J.N." ...JED NORRIS! HE OWNS THE "SEA VIEW" HOTEL! ..JORDAN LOANED HIM $5,000 ON IT!
THAT MAY INCRIMINATE HIM IF IT'S HIS!
I'LL GET HIM SOON ENOUGH!
LET'S GO WITH HIM!
WAIT! I'VE GOT ANOTHER IDEA!
MAYBE AS A NEWSPAPER MAN, JORDAN WAS EXPECTING TO BREAK A STORY! WHERE DID HE LIVE?! I'D LIKE TO SEARCH HIS PLACE!
YOU MAY HAVE SOMETHING THERE! WE ARE HEADED TOWARD HIS COTTAGE NOW!

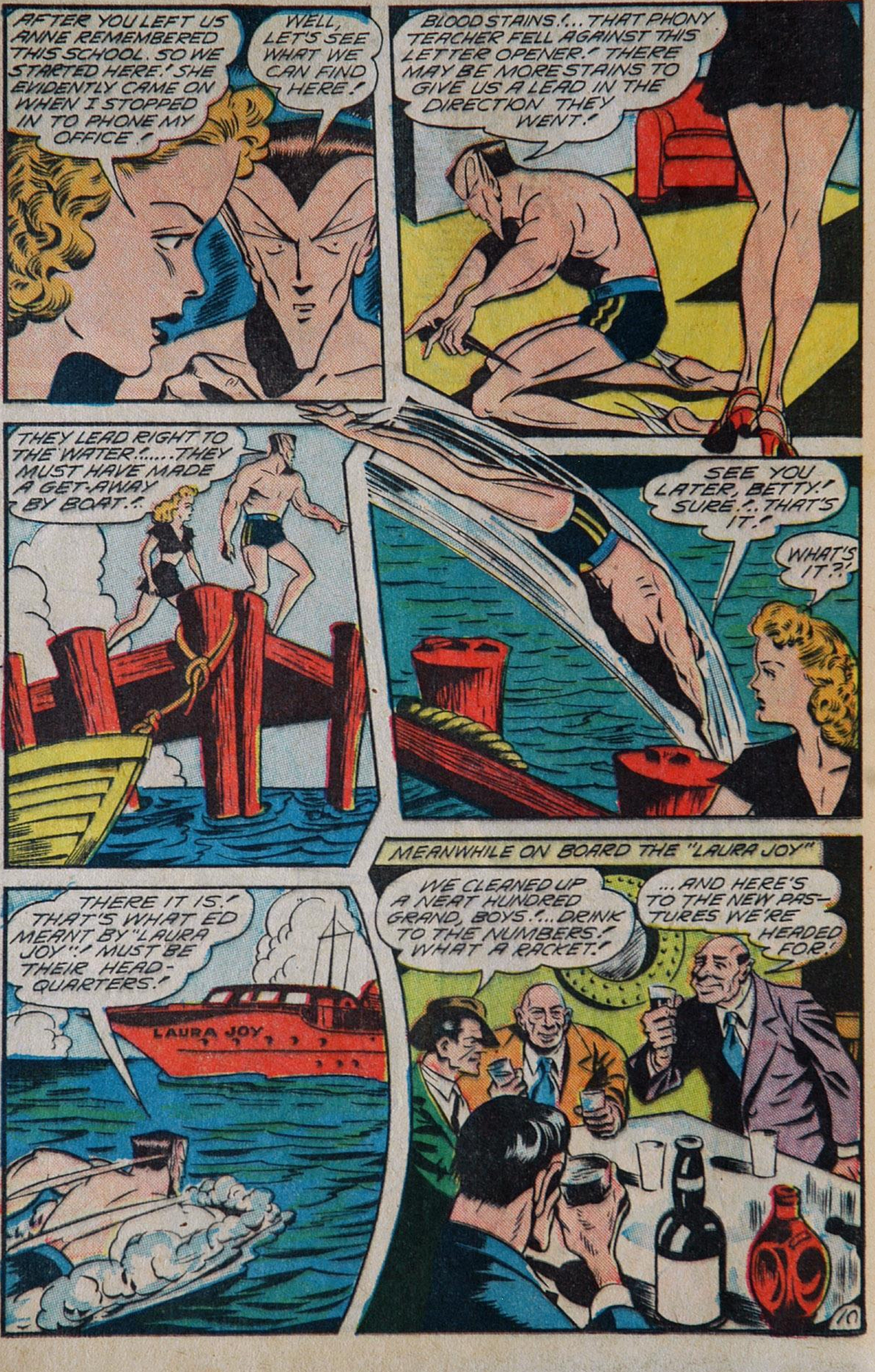

LATER...
FIND ANYTHING THERE, PRINCE NAMOR?!
THESE CARDS! I'VE GOT A HUNCH ABOUT THEM!
THEY SOUND TERRIFIC! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE NEXT CARD!
The story is an expose of the biggest racket in years. It took me several weeks to get every fact. Now I'm ready to present the sensational details of this racket involving a fortune. It also involves a school house and
Laura Joy
YA WON'T! HAND 'EM OVER SNAPPY LIKE!
SURE! I'LL HAND OVER...
MY FIST IN YOUR EYE!
THIS'LL CHANGE HIS TUNE!
I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
DROP THAT!
I DON'T LIKE WALLOPING PRETTY DAMES, BUT...
LET'S PICK UP THE CARDS AND SCRAM!

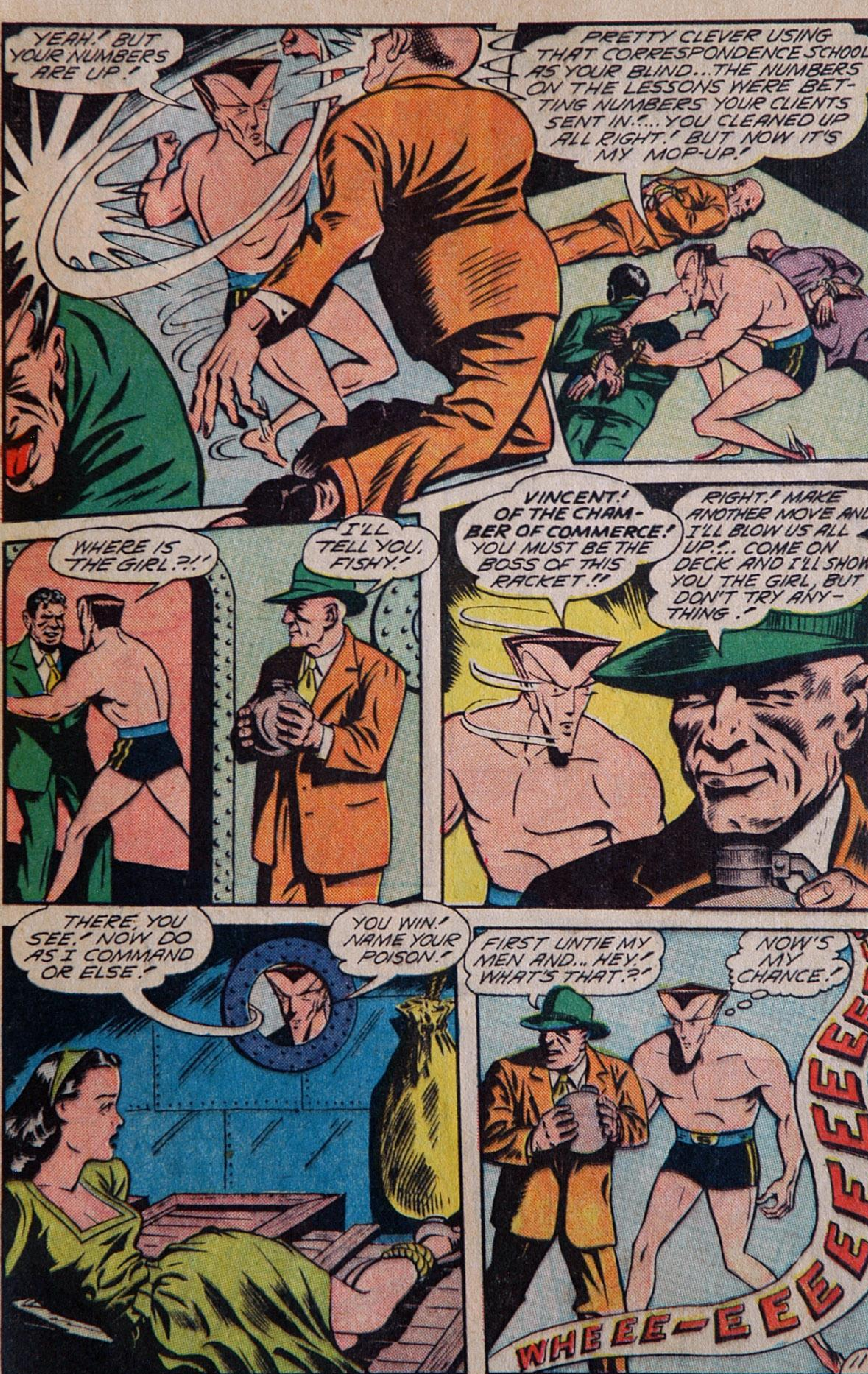

HE'S STIRRING! HIT HIM AGAIN!
THAT'LL PUT HIM TO SLEEP!
SECONDS TICK BY...
OHHH! WHAT HIT ME?! A 10-TON TRUCK!
THEY SURE FIXED US, BUT WE DID GET A LEAD!
I CAUGHT THE NAME, "LAURA JOY" ON THE NEXT CARD!... SO NOW WE HAVE THE RACKET INVOLVING A SCHOOL HOUSE AND LAURA JOY!
SHE MAY BE THE SCHOOL TEACHER!
THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT IS TO INVESTIGATE EVERY SCHOOL HOUSE!... HEY! WHAT GOES ON AT THE SEA VIEW!
YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, SHERIFF! I'M INNOCENT!
SEA VIEW
IT WAS YOUR CUFF LINK, NORRIS! AND WITH EVERYTHING ADDED UP I'VE GOT TO DO MY DUTY!
NO! DON'T TAKE MY DAD!
DON'T WORRY, ANN!


EVERYTHING POINTS AGAINST MY FATHER! WORSE OF ALL IS HIS HOBBY IN CHEMISTRY!
WHICH FITS IN PERFECTLY WITH THAT CHEMICAL GUM!
POLICE
BUT DAD DIDN'T DO IT! HE'S KIND AND GOOD! HE COULDN'T COMMIT MURDER!
NO! HE COULDN'T! BUT WE MUST HAVE PROOF!... YOU KNOW ALL THE SCHOOLS IN TOWN, AND HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF LAURA JOY?!!
NO, NEVER! ...AND I'VE LIVED HERE ALL MY LIFE! BUT I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT THE SCHOOLS!
GOOD! HERE'S A PAD AND PENCIL!.. LIST THEM FOR US!
ARMED WITH THIS INFORMATION, NAMOR BEGINS HIS ROUNDS...
IF 2 lbs OF POTATOES ARE PACKED IN A CRATE 3X5, HOW MANY POUNDS CAN BE PACKED IN....
I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT! ARE YOU LAURA JOY?!
LAURA JOY! HUMPH!.. SAY NOT! NEVER HEARD OF HER!.. I'M AGATHA WHITLEY!
SUB-MARINER! GOSH!
HOPE THAT'S SATISFIED YOU! GOOD DAY!.. BACK TO THE PROBLEM, CHILDREN!
AW, SHUCKS! POTATOES!
GOOD DAY!
4x3-13
5
+6
?

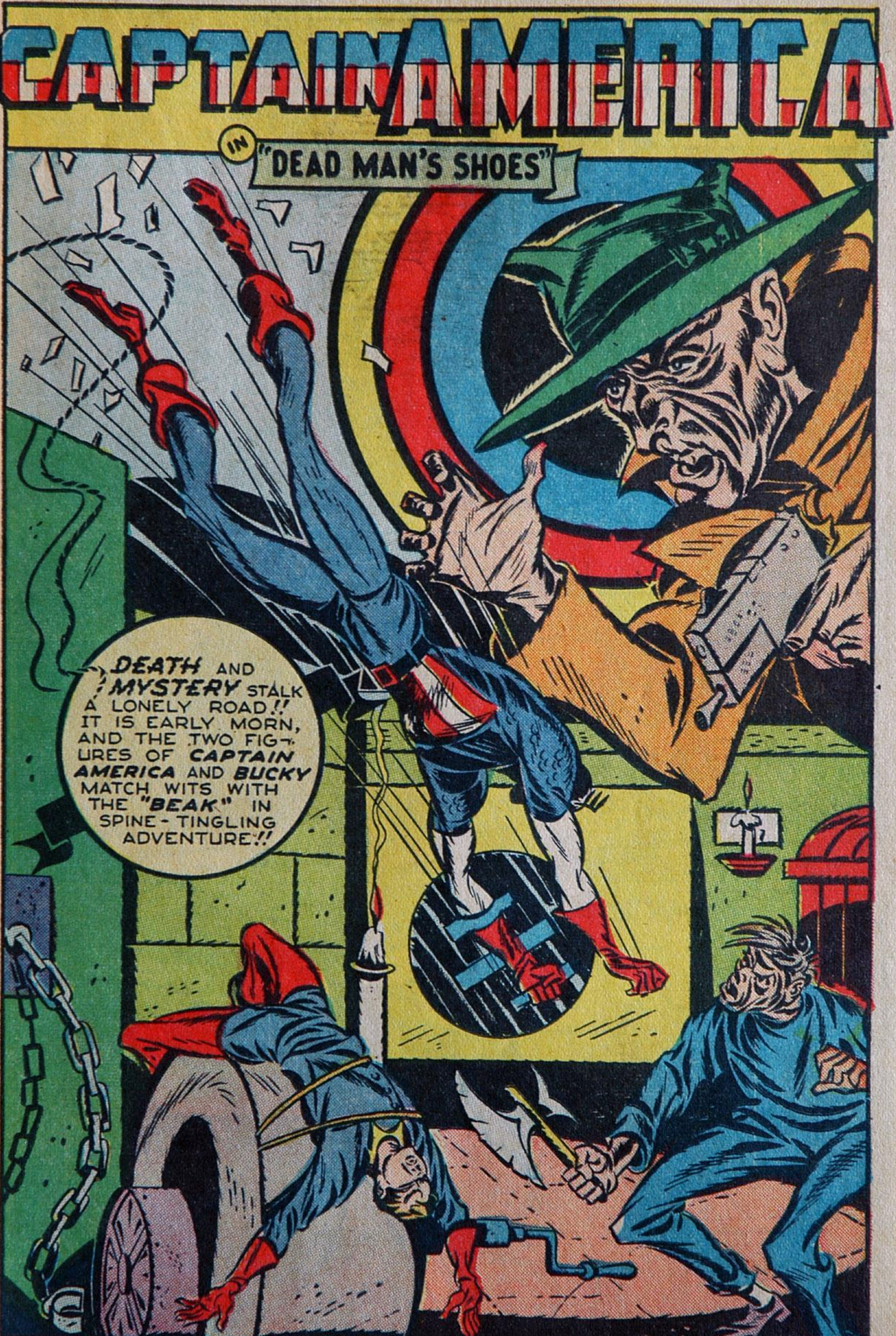
VISIT AFTER VISIT AVAILS NOTHING...
LUCY McGEE, WHAT MAGNETIC FORCE CONDUCTS SOUND?!
FRANK SINATRA! (SWOON!)
MAYBE A SWIM WILL CLEAR MY MIND AND GIVE ME A NEW ANGLE TO WORK FROM!
I'M NEARLY AT THE OUTSKIRTS!.. SAY, THERE'S A SCHOOL THAT WASN'T ON THE LIST!...TEACHER HERE I COME!
ACME CORRESPONDENCE
INSIDE..
SCHOOL DAYS, SCHOOL DAYS!, DEAR OLD GOLDEN RULE DAYS! GOLDEN IS RIGHT! WHAT A CLEAN-UP!
WHO'S RAPPING AT MY DOOR?!
AHH! A NEW KIND OF SCHOOL! TEACHERS WITH GUNS?! PLAY COPS AND ROBBERS DURING RECESS?!
YEAH! AND THE COPS ALWAYS LOSE, FISH FACE!
36@10 = 360
4000 x 30 = 120,000
120,360
LESS 20,360
THIS IS ONE TIME THEY WON'T! HERE'S A LESSON FOR YOUR BLACK BOARD!

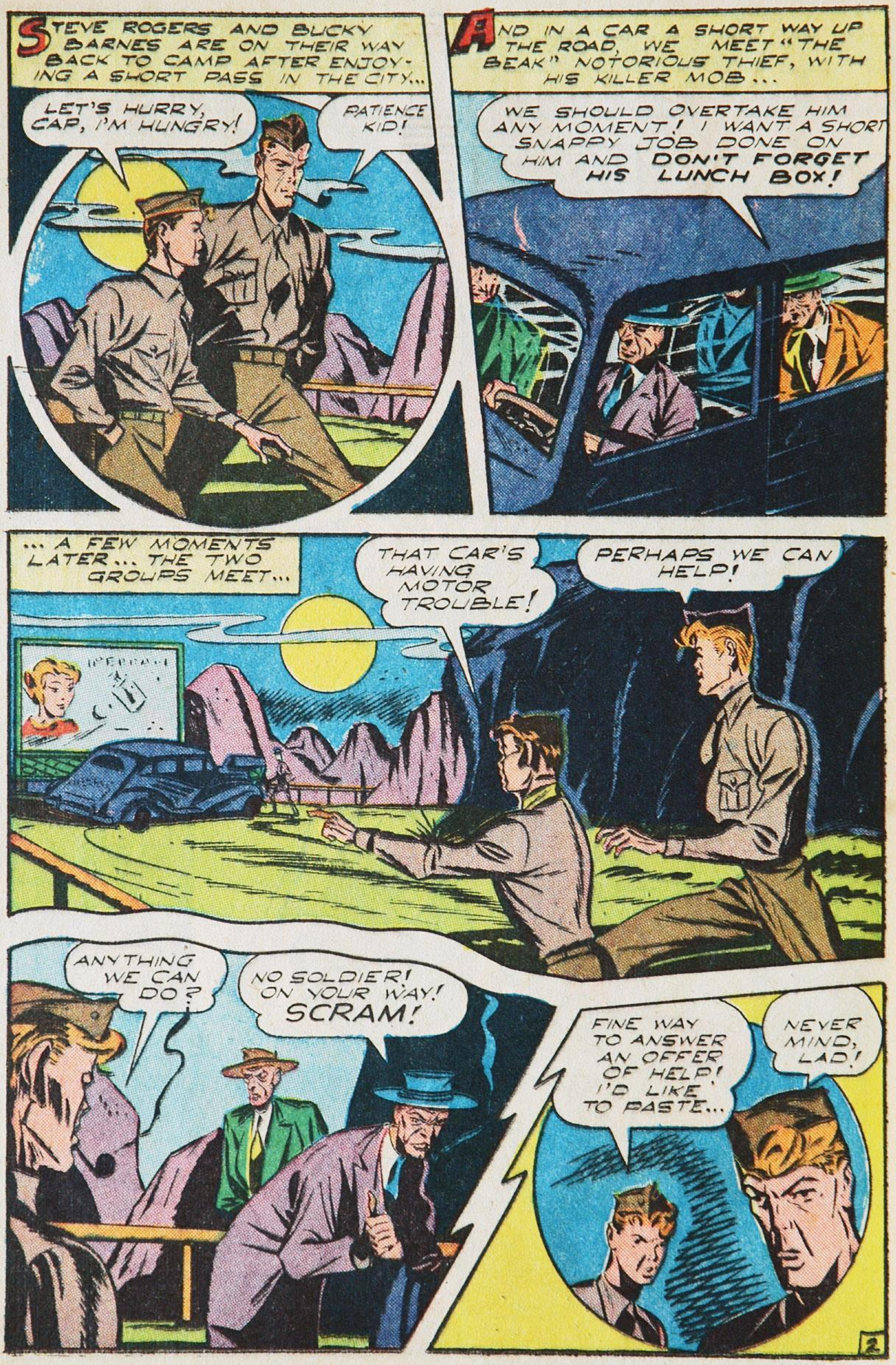

BUT ANOTHER THUG ENTERS AND...
(COUGH!) (COUGH!) ...THIS DUST!.. (COUGH!)
SUB-MARINER! OHHH!!..
A DAME! WELL!
MAKE ONE MOVE AND SHE DIES!
GO AHEAD, SUB-MARINER, BUT SAVE MY FATHER!
NO!.. I....
HAVE A CAST IRON WORLD OF STARS, YA WATER DEMON!
HE'S OUT! GRAB THE MAIL AND LET'S SCRAM FOR GOOD!
LATER..
WHAT HAPPENED?! WHERE'S ANN?!
THEY MUST HAVE TAKEN HER ALONG! HOW COME YOU BOTH FOUND THIS PLACE?!
9

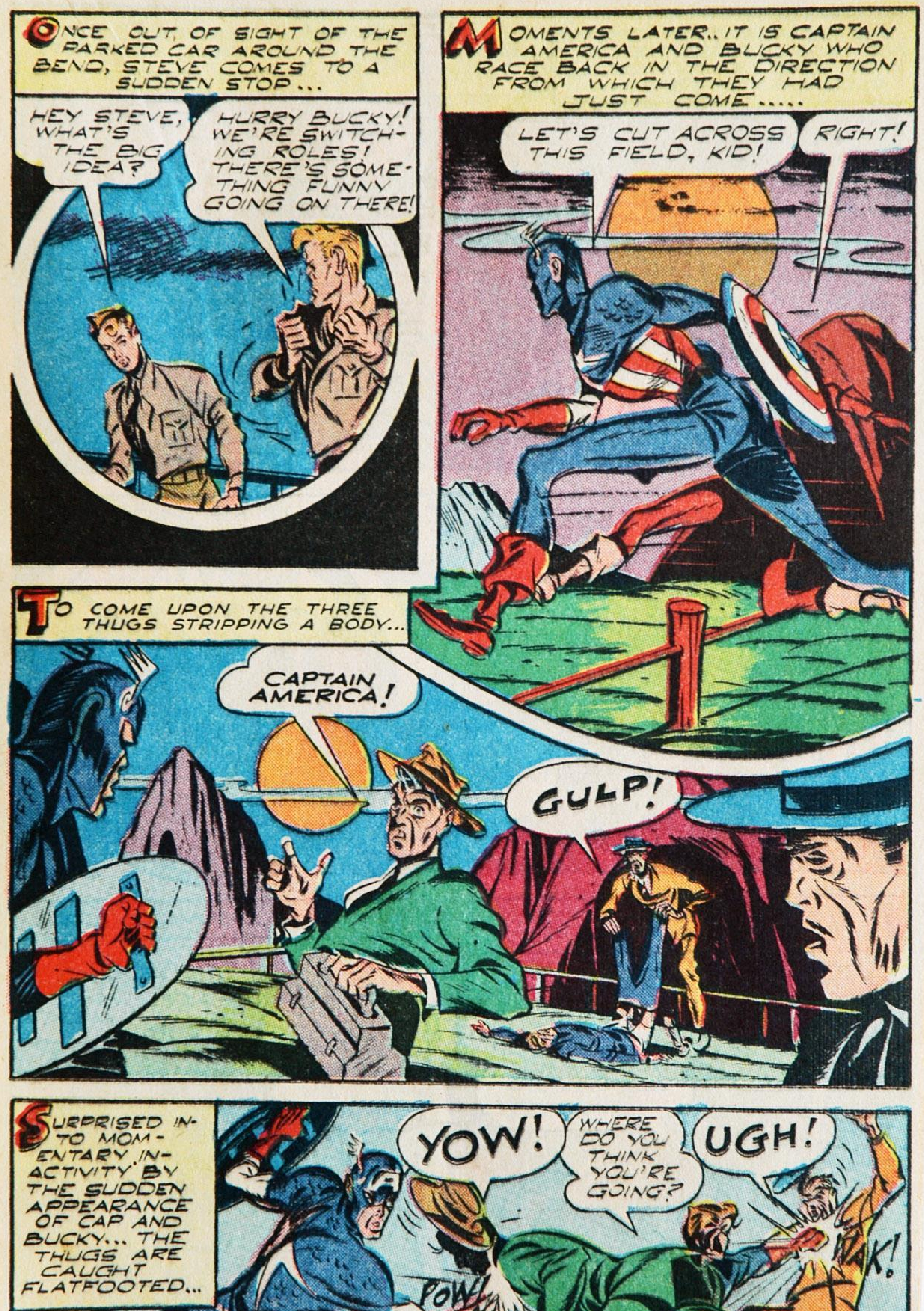

AFTER YOU LEFT US ANNE REMEMBERED THIS SCHOOL. SO WE STARTED HERE! SHE EVIDENTLY CAME ON WHEN I STOPPED IN TO PHONE MY OFFICE!
WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND HERE!
BLOOD STAINS!... THAT PHONY TEACHER FELL AGAINST THIS LETTER OPENER! THERE MAY BE MORE STAINS TO GIVE US A LEAD IN THE DIRECTION THEY WENT!
THEY LEAD RIGHT TO THE WATER!..... THEY MUST HAVE MADE A GET-AWAY BY BOAT!
SEE YOU LATER, BETTY! SURE!.. THAT'S IT!
WHAT'S IT?!
MEANWHILE ON BOARD THE "LAURA JOY"
THERE IT IS! THAT'S WHAT ED MEANT BY "LAURA JOY"! MUST BE THEIR HEAD-QUARTERS!
LAURA JOY
WE CLEANED UP A NEAT HUNDRED GRAND, BOYS!... DRINK TO THE NUMBERS! WHAT A RACKET!
... AND HERE'S TO THE NEW PASTURES WE'RE HEADED FOR!


YEAH! BUT YOUR NUMBERS ARE UP!
PRETTY CLEVER USING THAT CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL AS YOUR BLIND... THE NUMBERS ON THE LESSONS WERE BETTING NUMBERS YOUR CLIENTS SENT IN!... YOU CLEANED UP ALL RIGHT! BUT NOW IT'S MY MOP-UP!
WHERE IS THE GIRL?!
I'LL TELL YOU, FISHY!
VINCENT! OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE! YOU MUST BE THE BOSS OF THIS RACKET!!
RIGHT! MAKE ANOTHER MOVE AND I'LL BLOW US ALL UP!... COME ON DECK AND I'LL SHOW YOU THE GIRL, BUT DON'T TRY ANYTHING!
THERE, YOU SEE! NOW DO AS I COMMAND OR ELSE!
YOU WIN! NAME YOUR POISON!
FIRST UNTIE MY MEN AND... HEY! WHAT'S THAT?!
NOW'S MY CHANCE!
WHEEE-EEEEEEEEEE

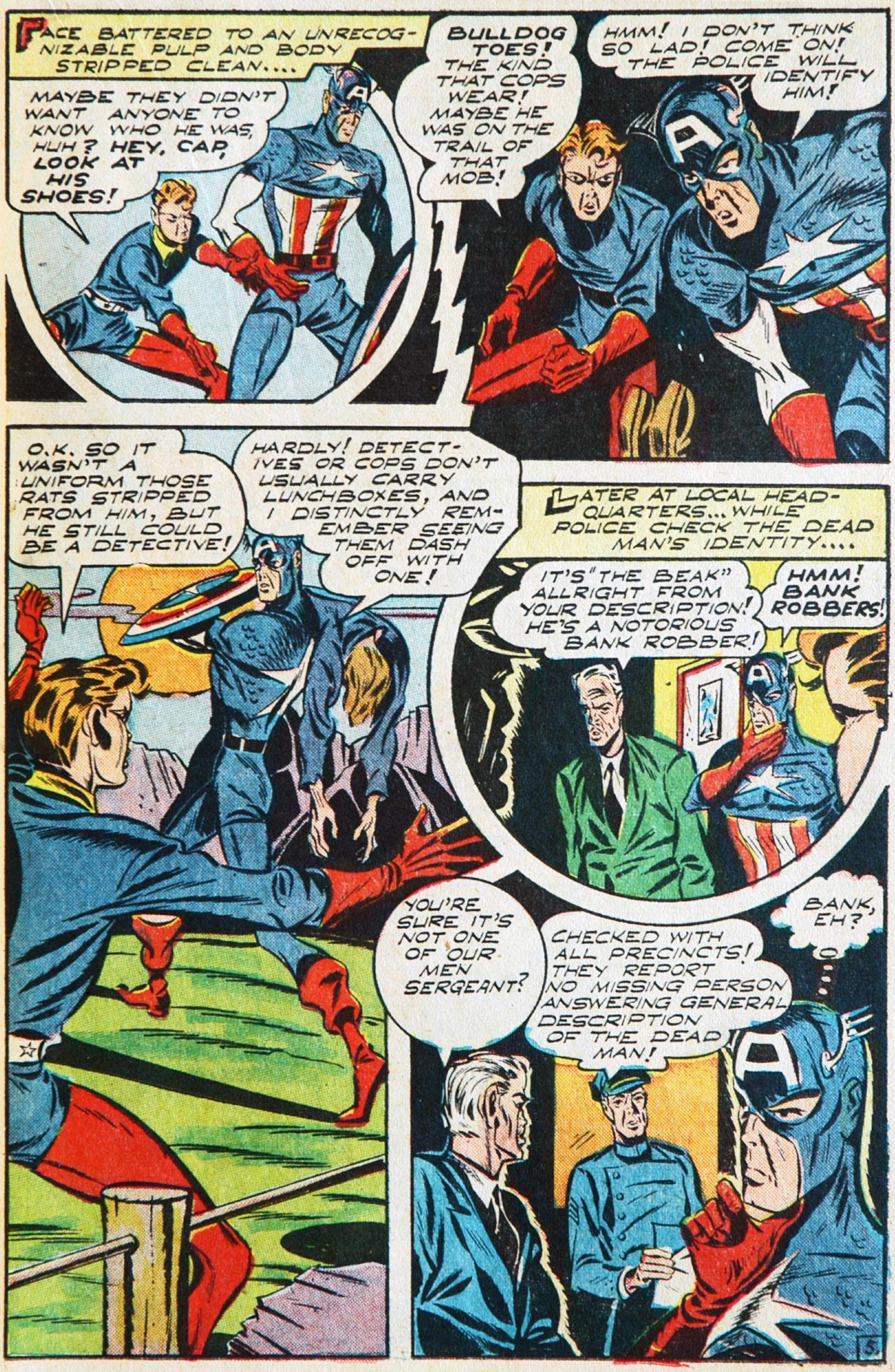
CAUGHT YOU WITH YOUR MIND OFF YOUR BUSINESS THAT TIME, VINCENT!
HELP! I'LL DROWN!
BOOM!
STOP SNIVELING! I WANT YOU ALIVE!
IN A FEW SECONDS....
NAMOR! DID YOU FIND ANNE? IS THAT MR. VINCENT YOU HAVE THERE?!
YEP!.. BIG HEAD OF THE NUMBERS RACKET!..TAKE HIM ABOARD! I'LL GO BACK FOR THE OTHERS!
57
SOON AFTER...
YOU COAST GUARDS ARRIVED IN TIME, BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?!
THE "LAURA JOY" ANGLE DAWNED ON BETTY AND SHE ASKED US TO LOOK FOR THE "LAURA JOY" BOAT!
AND LATER...
I CAN'T THANK YOU TWO ENOUGH! WON'T YOU BE OUR GUESTS FOR A VACATION?!
WE'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU!
THAT'S VERY NICE BUT ALL MY VACATIONING IS DONE IN THE SEA!
HI, SHERIFF! STILL HOT ON THE CASE?!
GO ON, SUB-MARINER, I THOUGHT ALL ALONG JED WAS INNOCENT!
END


CAPTAIN AMERICA
IN "DEAD MAN'S SHOES"
DEATH AND MYSTERY STALK A LONELY ROAD!! IT IS EARLY MORN, AND THE TWO FIGURES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY MATCH WITS WITH THE "BEAK" IN SPINE-TINGLING ADVENTURE!!

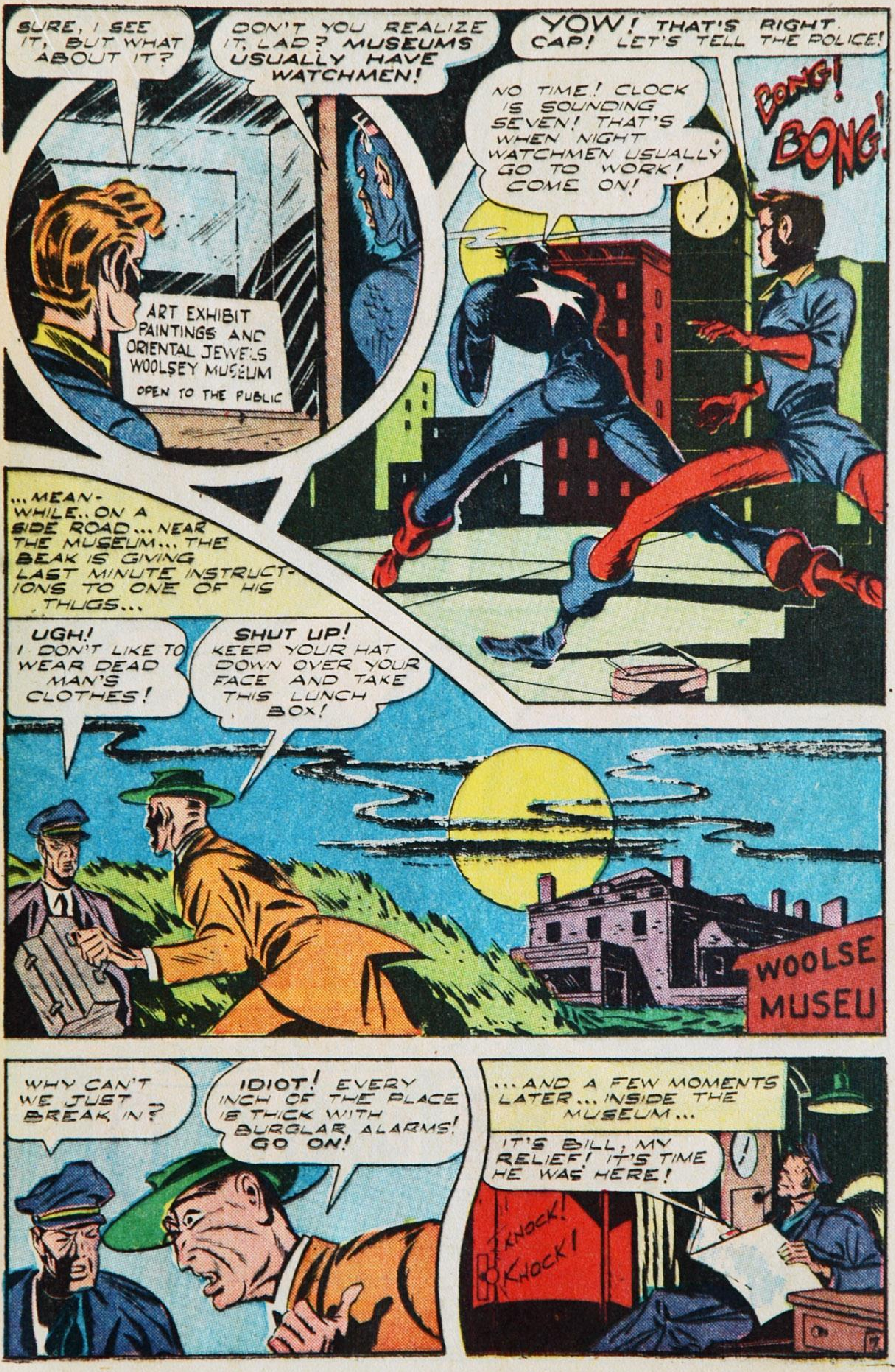

STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES ARE ON THEIR WAY BACK TO CAMP AFTER ENJOYING A SHORT PASS IN THE CITY...
LET'S HURRY, CAP, I'M HUNGRY!
PATIENCE KID!
AND IN A CAR A SHORT WAY UP THE ROAD, WE MEET "THE BEAK" NOTORIOUS THIEF, WITH HIS KILLER MOB...
WE SHOULD OVERTAKE HIM ANY MOMENT! I WANT A SHORT SNAPPY JOB DONE ON HIM AND DON'T FORGET HIS LUNCH BOX!
... A FEW MOMENTS LATER... THE TWO GROUPS MEET...
THAT CAR'S HAVING MOTOR TROUBLE!
PERHAPS WE CAN HELP!
ANYTHING WE CAN DO?
NO SOLDIER! ON YOUR WAY! SCRAM!
FINE WAY TO ANSWER AN OFFER OF HELP! I'D LIKE TO PASTE...
NEVER MIND, LAD!
2


ONCE OUT OF SIGHT OF THE PARKED CAR AROUND THE BEND, STEVE COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP...
HEY STEVE, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
HURRY BUCKY! WE'RE SWITCHING ROLES! THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON THERE!
MOMENTS LATER.. IT IS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY WHO RACE BACK IN THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH THEY HAD JUST COME.....
LET'S CUT ACROSS THIS FIELD, KID!
RIGHT!
TO COME UPON THE THREE THUGS STRIPPING A BODY...
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
GULP!
SURPRISED INTO MOMENTARY INACTIVITY BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF CAP AND BUCKY... THE THUGS ARE CAUGHT FLATFOOTED...
YOW!
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
UGH!
POW!
WAK!

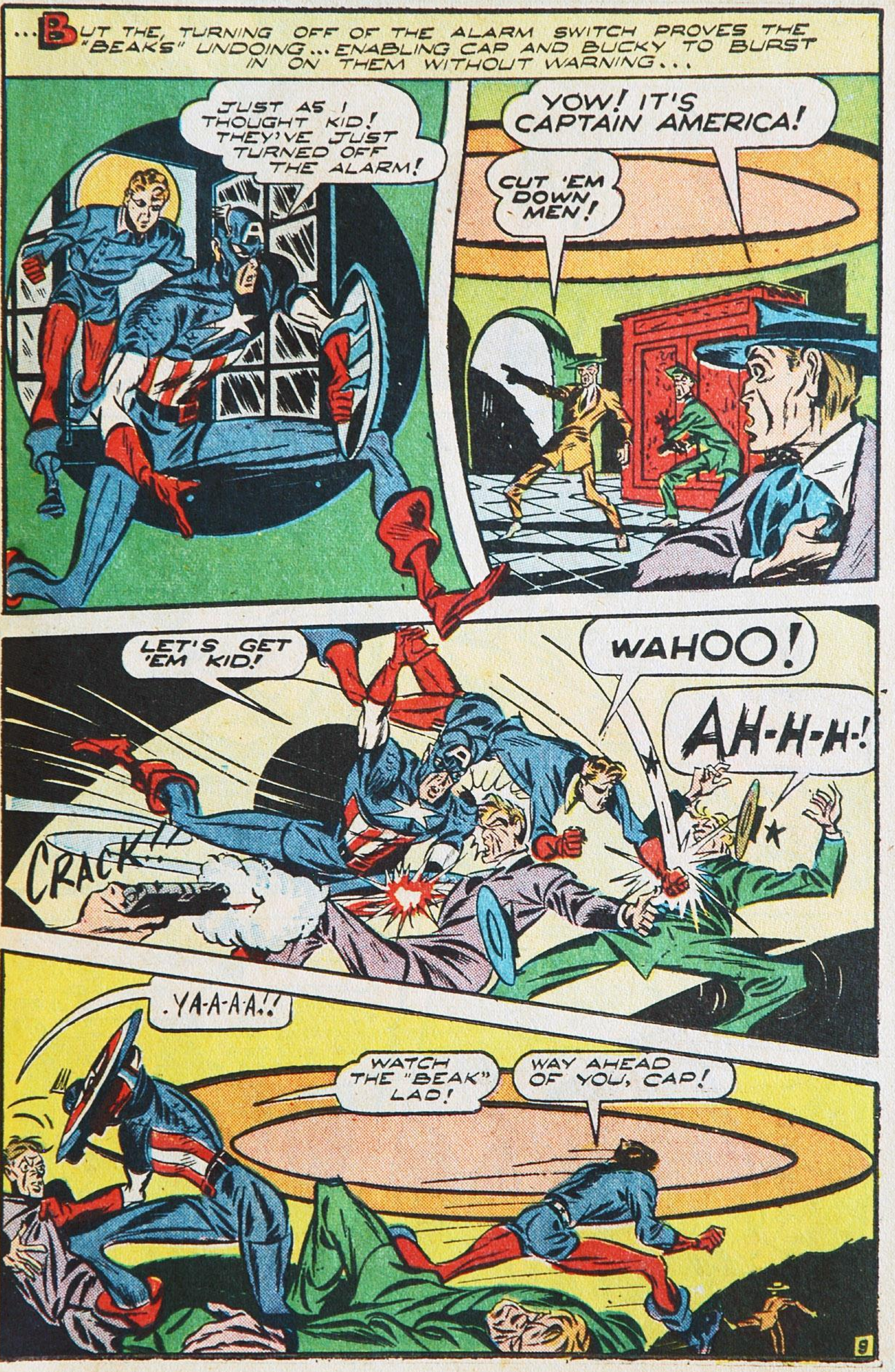
THE BEAK AND HIS REMAINING THUG ... FORGOTTEN IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE... SUDDENLY APPEAR...
WHAT TH--!
IN BACK OF YOU, BUCKY, LOOKOUT!
BAM!
PING!
ONLY CAP'S WARNING CRY SAVES BUCKY FROM SERIOUS INJURY AS THE WRENCH DESCENDS IN A VICIOUS ARC, GIVING HIM A GLANCING BLOW!
CRACK!
GET THE CAR GOING! I'LL GET THE CLOTHES!
OW!
THE BEAK AND HIS THUGS ESCAPE WHILE CAP RUSHES TO THE FALLEN BUCKY...
BUCKY! BUCKY!
IN THE CAR SPEEDING FROM THE SCENE...
MAYBE WE'D BETTER NOT GO THROUGH WITH IT BOSS! CAPTAIN AMERICA IS ON OUR TRAIL!
WHY NOT? HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE UP TO AND BY THE TIME THE BODY IS IDENTIFIED, WE'LL HAVE CLEANED UP THE JOB!
AND BACK TO CAP AND BUCKY...
SURE! I'M O.K! JUST A LITTLE DIZZY! GOSH! TOO BAD YOU LET 'EM GET AWAY!
THEY LEFT THEIR CALLING CARD IN THE BODY! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

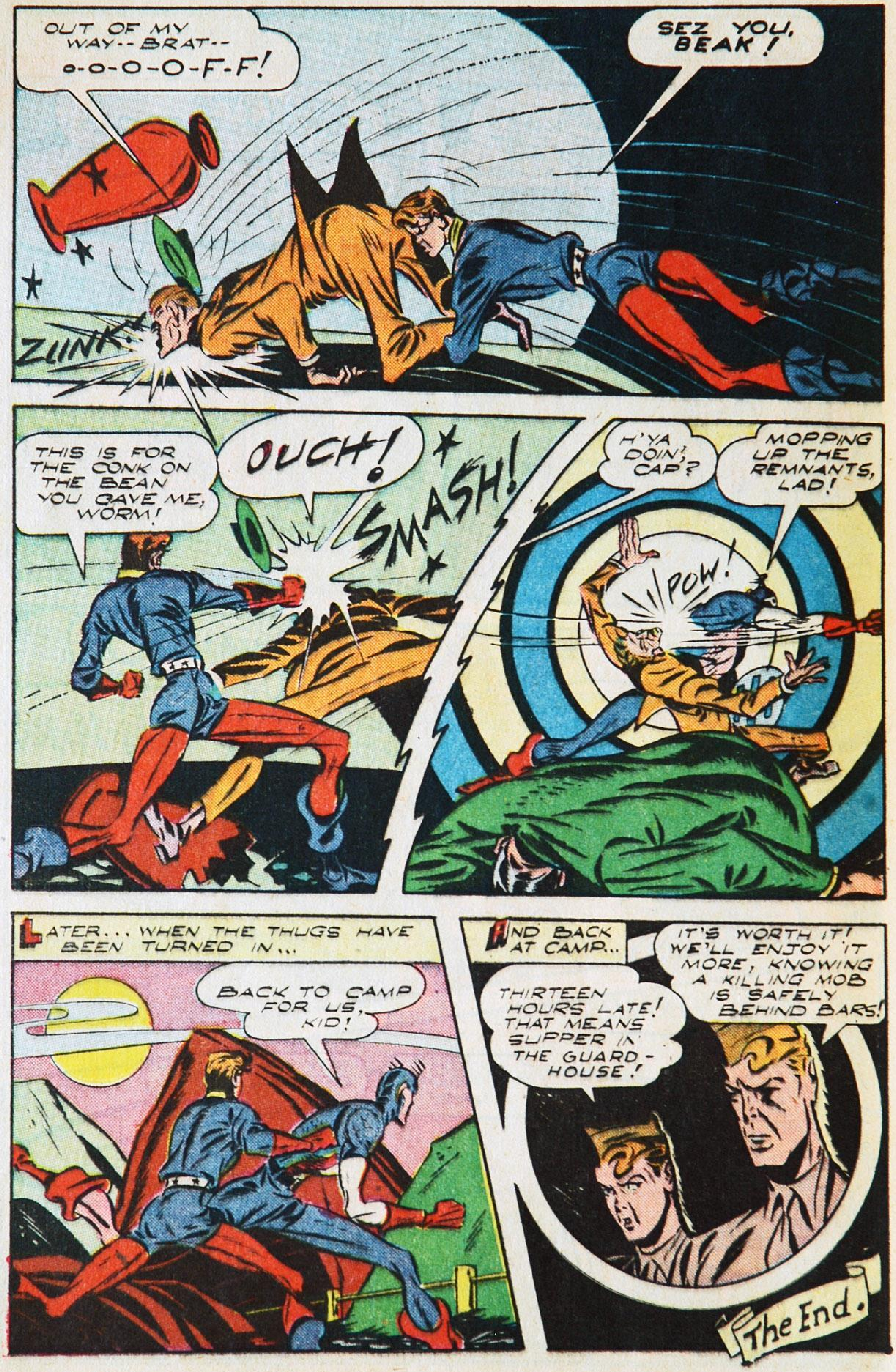

FACE BATTERED TO AN UNRECOGNIZABLE PULP AND BODY STRIPPED CLEAN....
MAYBE THEY DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW WHO HE WAS, HUH? HEY, CAP, LOOK AT HIS SHOES!
BULLDOG TOES! THE KIND THAT COPS WEAR! MAYBE HE WAS ON THE TRAIL OF THAT MOB!
HMM! I DON'T THINK SO LAD! COME ON! THE POLICE WILL IDENTIFY HIM!
O.K. SO IT WASN'T A UNIFORM THOSE RATS STRIPPED FROM HIM, BUT HE STILL COULD BE A DETECTIVE!
HARDLY! DETECTIVES OR COPS DON'T USUALLY CARRY LUNCHBOXES, AND I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER SEEING THEM DASH OFF WITH ONE!
LATER AT LOCAL HEADQUARTERS... WHILE POLICE CHECK THE DEAD MAN'S IDENTITY....
IT'S "THE BEAK" ALLRIGHT FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION! HE'S A NOTORIOUS BANK ROBBER!
HMM! BANK ROBBERS!
YOU'RE SURE IT'S NOT ONE OF OUR MEN SERGEANT?
CHECKED WITH ALL PRECINCTS! THEY REPORT NO MISSING PERSON ANSWERING GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE DEAD MAN!
BANK, EH?

(GROAN)...ALL WE HAVE TO WORK WITH IS A BODY OF A MIDDLE AGED MAN WEARING BULLDOG SHOES!
NOT FORGETTING THE LUNCH BOX!
YES LAD! SOMETHING A POLICEMAN DOESN'T CARRY BUT A BANK WATCHMAN DOES!
BANK WATCHMAN? I'M GOING TO CHECK!
HE MAY BE A RETIRED COP! THAT WOULD ACCOUNT FOR THE SHOES!
LOTS OF THEM WORK IN BANKS!
YES! AND A BANK JOB WOULD TIE IN WITH THE "BEAKS" PRESENCE IN THESE PARTS!
A PUZZLED CAP AND BUCKY LEAVE HEADQUARTERS
...BUT A FEW MOMENTS LATER...THE CLUE PETERS OUT...
CHECKED EVERY BANK WITHIN A RADIUS OF TWO HUNDRED MILES! EVERY GUARD AND WATCHMAN ACCOUNTED FOR!
(GROAN) O.K. THANKS!!
WE'VE GOT ONE CONSOLATION! THE "BEAK" WON'T GET FAR WITH A POLICE DRAG-NET OUT FOR HIM!
WAIT, BUCKY, LOOK AT THAT POSTER IN THE WINDOW!


SURE, I SEE IT, BUT WHAT ABOUT IT?
DON'T YOU REALIZE IT, LAD? MUSEUMS USUALLY HAVE WATCHMEN!
ART EXHIBIT
PAINTINGS AND ORIENTAL JEWELS
WOOLSEY MUSEUM
OPEN TO THE PUBLIC
YOW! THAT'S RIGHT, CAP! LET'S TELL THE POLICE!
NO TIME! CLOCK IS SOUNDING SEVEN! THAT'S WHEN NIGHT WATCHMEN USUALLY GO TO WORK! COME ON!
BONG! BONG!
...MEANWHILE..ON A SIDE ROAD...NEAR THE MUSEUM...THE BEAK IS GIVING LAST MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS TO ONE OF HIS THUGS...
UGH! I DON'T LIKE TO WEAR DEAD MAN'S CLOTHES!
SHUT UP! KEEP YOUR HAT DOWN OVER YOUR FACE AND TAKE THIS LUNCH BOX!
WOOLSE MUSEU
WHY CAN'T WE JUST BREAK IN?
IDIOT! EVERY INCH OF THE PLACE IS THICK WITH BURGLAR ALARMS! GO ON!
...AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER...INSIDE THE MUSEUM...
IT'S BILL, MY RELIEF! IT'S TIME HE WAS HERE!
KNOCK! KNOCK!

...THEN... AS THE GRUMBLING DAY WATCHMAN ANSWERS THE DOOR...
FIVE MINUTES LATE AGAIN, WHY CAN'T YOU...?
HEY! YOU'RE NOT...! UGH!
POW!
WORKED LIKE A CHARM! NOW TO LET THE BOSS IN!
MINUTES LATER...
AND THAT'S THAT!
ALARM SWITCH
ON →
← OFF
FIND THE MAIN ALARM SWITCH, BOSS?
SURE! I DIDN'T 'CASE' THIS JOINT FOR THREE WEEKS FOR NOTHING! NOW WE CAN CLEAN OUT THE PLACE AT LEISURE!
6


...BUT THE, TURNING OFF OF THE ALARM SWITCH PROVES THE "BEAK'S" UNDOING... ENABLING CAP AND BUCKY TO BURST IN ON THEM WITHOUT WARNING...
JUST AS I THOUGHT KID! THEY'VE JUST TURNED OFF THE ALARM!
YOW! IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!
CUT 'EM DOWN, MEN!
LET'S GET 'EM KID!
WAHOO!
AH-H-H-!
CRACK!!
.YA-A-A-A.!!
WATCH THE "BEAK" LAD!
WAY AHEAD OF YOU, CAP!


OUT OF MY WAY-- BRAT-- o-o-O-O-F-F!
SEZ YOU, BEAK!
ZUNK!
THIS IS FOR THE CONK ON THE BEAN YOU GAVE ME, WORM!
OUCH!
SMASH!
H'YA DOIN', CAP?
MOPPING UP THE REMNANTS, LAD!
POW!
LATER... WHEN THE THUGS HAVE BEEN TURNED IN...
BACK TO CAMP FOR US, KID!
AND BACK AT CAMP...
THIRTEEN HOURS LATE! THAT MEANS SUPPER IN THE GUARD-HOUSE!
IT'S WORTH IT! WE'LL ENJOY IT MORE, KNOWING A KILLING MOB IS SAFELY BEHIND BARS!
The End.

A PRINCE OF A GUY

IT WAS bad enough being stuck in the middle of nowhere. But the calamity of having a mutt added to his worries was almost too much for Big Bill Raynes.

"First this hunk of junk goes blooie," Big Bill grumbled under his breath, blue eyes peering out from beneath yellow hair at the somewhat battered plane. "Then," he continued, "I've got to play nursie to a mutt. Somebody would pick this trip to send a dog home for the kids!"

The mutt approached, squirming ingratiatingly on his belly, puppy-fashion. "Git up," Bill growled disgustedly. "I don't like dogs nohow. Never did. Can't see what they're good for. Come on, git up."

Bill had a rough idea where he was. Which was near the foot of the coastal range, toward which he had been flying freight. The plane had rebelled at the last big push, and Bill had been forced to glide back to the valley. Now the motor was dead as a door-nail, and Port Chester a week's hike over the foothills.

"Okay," the big man growled. "Come on, mutt."

It took the better part of the afternoon to select what Big Bill figured he would need most. Grub was the main item. Reluctantly he added a rifle. Big Bill figured his weight and breadth, both over accentuated, were insurance against any eventuality. A compass completed his equipment. He made up two packs, one for himself, one for the mutt.

"You carry your share," Bill informed the dog, "or shift for yourself. Let's go!"

* * * * *

BY SUNDOWN Bill was tired and hungry. Supper was brief. Evening brought a definite chill and after heaping the fire with wood, Bill wrapped himself in his blanket and lay down. His last waking memory was of the mutt, moving uneasily about.

"Hang it all, lie down," Bill grunted sleepily. "You're like an old woman, walking the floor. Go lie down."

The mutt finally complied. Or so Bill thought. At any rate slumber finally blotted out the faint whisper of the dog's uneasy snooping.

For how long Bill wasn't quite sure. But he awoke suddenly, aware of the sound of the mutt's warning growl close to his head.

It was unexpectedly dark. Bill sat up, one hand reaching for the rifle. He levered a shell into the chamber, aware of the dog at his shoulder, body trembling excitedly—

And as he peered into the impenetrable blanket of blackness, Big Bill saw the eyes glaring back at him; yellowish eyes that seemed to reflect a malicious, angry light. They disappeared, only to flame on again like smoldering candle tips—

Big Bill snapped the rifle to his shoulder and fired. The splittering sound of the shot echoed off into the woods, bringing after it an unnatural stillness. The eyes were gone. The mutt launched himself as if from a catapult.

"Come back here, you blasted fool!" Bill roared, untangling himself frantically from the blanket. "Hey—"

The dog came back, hair still bristling. Hurriedly Big Bill heaped wood on the fire. Carrying a flaming pine knot, he advanced toward the woods where he had seen the eyes. But there was nothing there now.

"Good thing one of us woke up in time," Bill growled. "Sure looks like it ain't healthy to sleep around these parts!"

* * * * *

ONCE more it was afternoon. Bill Raynes looked down into the lush valley. From the knoll it seemed peaceful and friendly.

Bill had set up camp near a stream. He was going down for water for coffee and a wash-up when it happened. There had been no sound, nothing he could see to warn of danger. He had reached the stream when the elderberry bushes exploded, emitting a black avalanche. It was upon them almost before Bill realized, with a startled yell, that it was a bear. Probably had been feeding upon the elderberries. . . .

Big Bill departed for camp. Behind him he heard the excited yapping of the mutt. Breathless, Bill Raynes reached camp, snatched up the rifle and plunged back down hill.

In the clearing bordering the stream, the mutt and the bear were manoeuvering. Big Bill yanked the rifle to his shoulder and fired. He was excited. He knew he missed. But the sound of the shot was effective, for the black thunderbolt straightened out with a rush, that carried it back into the bushes. A short time later the sound of its crashing progress died out in the distance.

"Doggone," Big Bill breathed jerkily. "Come on, mutt. Let's get out of here before something else happens."

The next day was clouded. By the middle of the morning rain had begun to fall. By noon it was a steady down-pour.

The trail led above a gorge. Bill's head had been bowed into the slanting rain, his eyes narrowed beneath the brim of his sodden hat. The mutt was at his heels. . . .

Without warning his feet flew from beneath him, as the soaked earth of the trail gave away beneath his weight, and he was plunging through space toward the gorge below.

His body twisted and turned with the impact of his rushing fall. He struck the bottom with a crash, his head glancing off a stone. Slowly blackness rolled over him. He was conscious of sharp pain stabbing up through his foot and ankle. In an agonized last thought he knew he'd twisted his leg coming down.

The blackness was complete then.

* * * * *

SLOWLY Big Bill Raynes opened his eyes. Something was tugging at him vigorously. He could only lie there, aware of the slashing cut of rain against his face, the pain from his ankle.

He realized that the mutt had dragged him from the stream. Big Bill got to hands and knees and crawled groggily forward. The mutt helped. Further along the stream the bank leveled off. Bill dragged himself to the edge of the woods, sagged forward in a daze.

Later his mind cleared. He pushed the pain out of his big body and sat up. His ankle was already several sizes too big. The supplies were lost, the compass shattered.

Unwelcome realization brought home the fact that his predicament was serious; a life and death proposition, with his chances of escape narrowed to the n-th degree.

* * * * *

THE mutt now exhibited a growing unrest. He came over to Big Bill frequently, nosing at him, whining and trying to lick his face.

"Beat it!" Big Bill snarled through his pain. "What the blazes do you think this is? Ain't it bad enough—"

The mutt retired. Slowly Bill's thoughts cleared. He might just as well be caught in the jaws of an indomitable trap, so completely beaten was he.

He peered quickly about him through bloodshot, pain ridden eyes. "Hey," he cried hoarsely. "Hey. MUTT—"

The sound of the rain and the wind muffled his voice, thrusting it back at him. Slowly he huddled back against the trunk of a tree.

The dog was gone!

It was Big Bill's own fault. He had chased him. Perhaps the animal was smart enough to realize the situation was hopeless. He would save himself. But Bill . . . .

"Left here to die," Big Bill choked. "Yeah, I'll die. I can't help myself—"

Later he tried to get a spark from the matches, but they were sodden, useless and he finally discarded them savagely.

There was no shelter. The pain in his leg was creeping deeper and deeper into his big body. He cowered back against the side of a tree, aware then of unfamiliar fear sweeping him. He was alone. He would die. No one would ever find him!

* * * * *

NIGHT came and fever brought unnatural warmth to his body. By midnight the sound of the wind, the steady slash of rain against his face, through his soaking clothes, was blotting out before something new and unreal. It was as if nothing existed; pain and fear, the storm, even himself. Ah, he must be dying. . . .

It was then he heard the voices, saw the light bobbing through the darkness toward him. He cried out hoarsely, and a second later a dark shape whipped out of the night. A dog whined and licked his face.

"You . . . mutt," Bill whimpered.

And lay back, dimly conscious of the trembling body of the friendly dog beside him, as if offering protection.

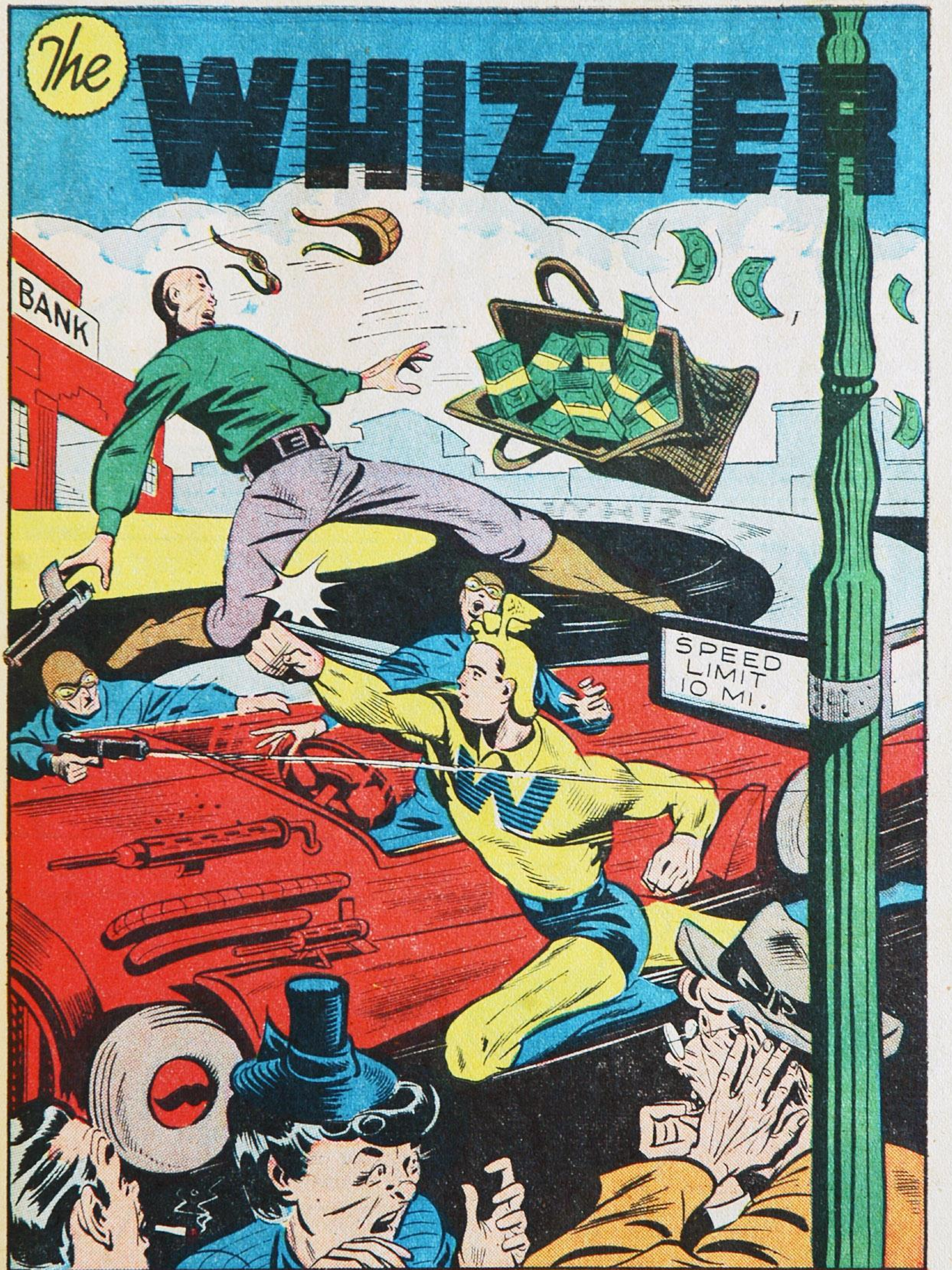
A voice said gruffly, "Okay, mister. Just take it easy."

The rain was gone then. They had stretched something over him. There was light. Even a faint glow of warmth seemed to rool over Bill's tired body.

"Your dog reached our camp a couple of miles away," the same voice explained. "Made such a devilish fuss we figured something was wrong and came along . . . smart mutt, mister."

"Mutt?" Bill Raynes said through clenched teeth. "Mutt . . . nothing. His name is . . . is . . . Prince." And as an after thought Big Bill added gently, "He's a swell guy, too!"

THE END

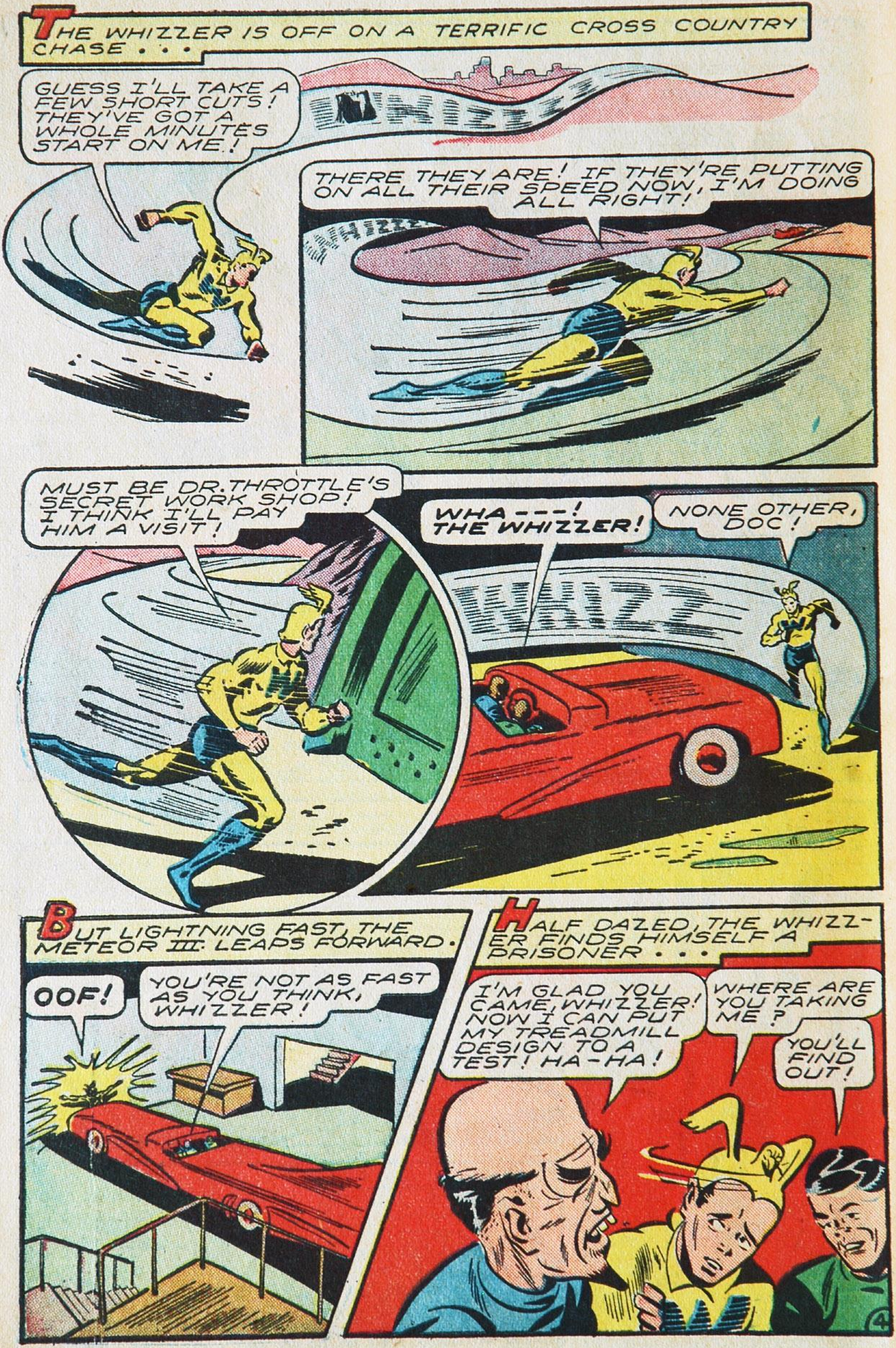

The WHIZZER
BANK
WHIZZ
SPEED LIMIT 10 MI.

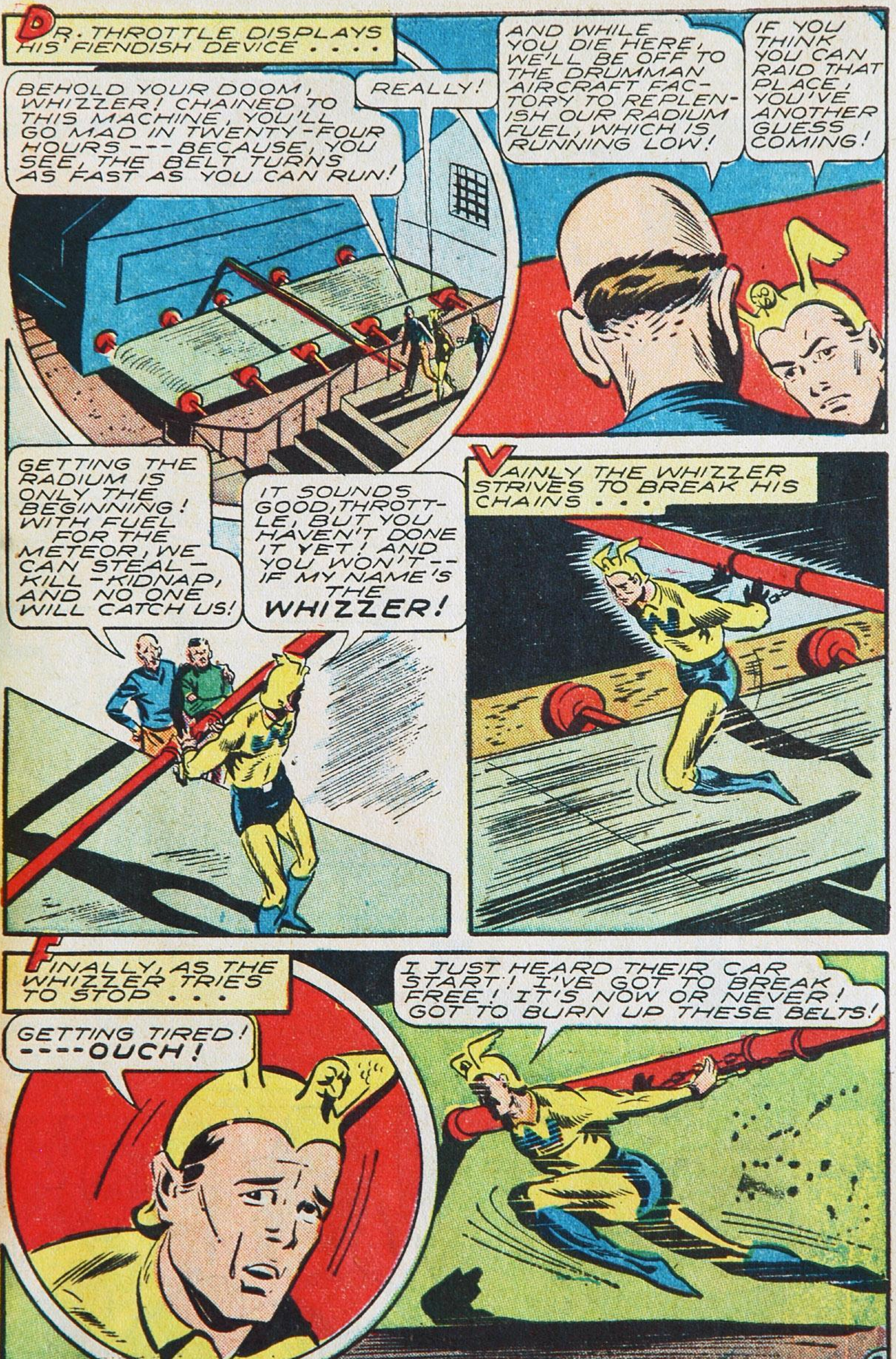
OUT OF THE WORKSHOP OF A MYSTERIOUS DR. THROTTLE ZOOMS THE METEOR III -- FASTEST CAR IN THE WORLD! WHAT CAN STOP IT'S DEVASTATION? WHO CAN STOP IT- EXCEPT JACK ROBINSON, BETTER KNOWN AS THE WHIZZER, AMERICA'S MASTER OF SPEED, WHO CHALLENGES THE CUNNING OF DR. THROTTLE AND HIS

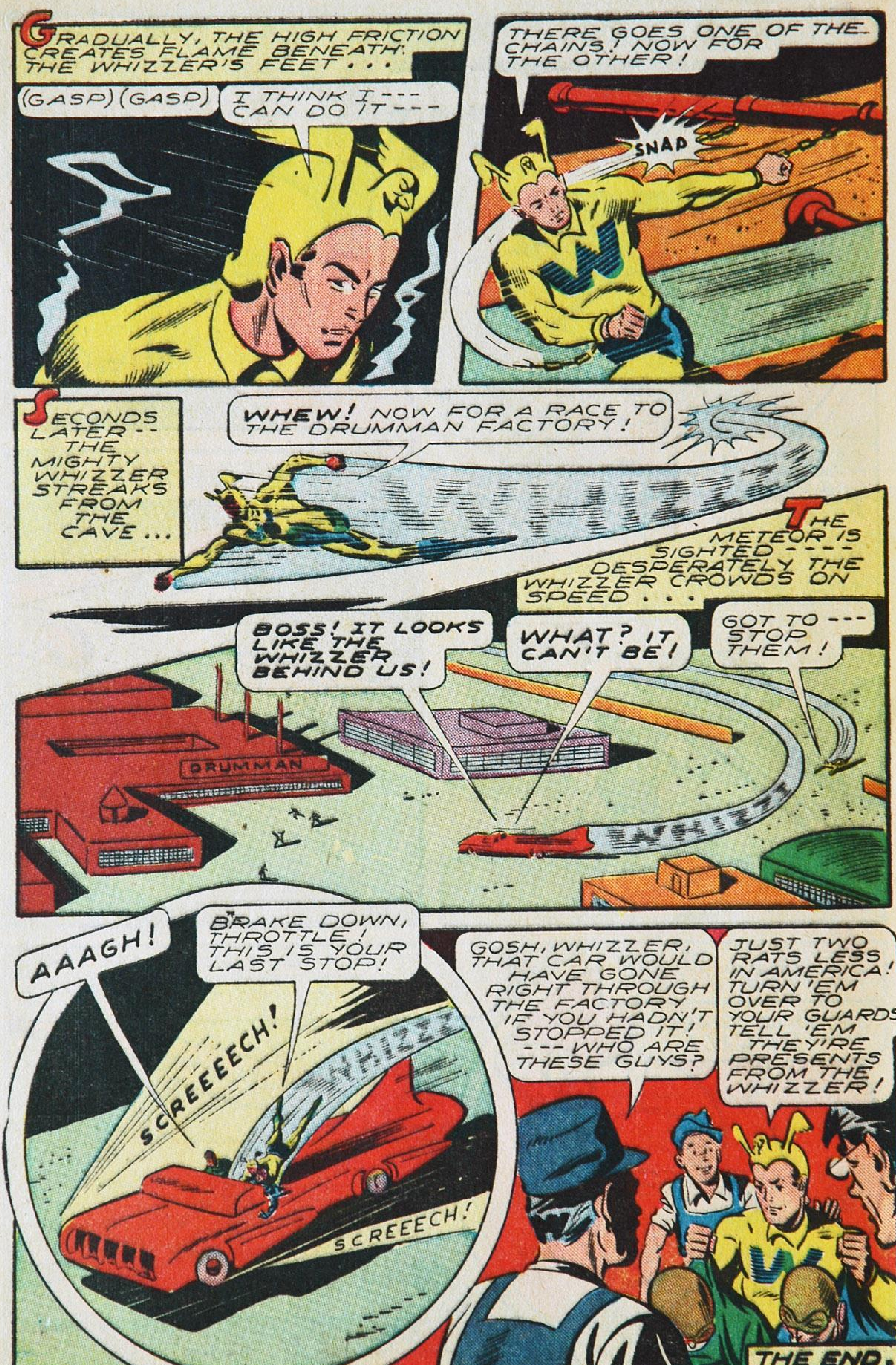
"METEOR III"

SOMEWHERE IN THE FLATLANDS OF UTAH, A RADIUM-DRIVEN SPEEDCAR IS GIVEN IT'S TRIAL RUN --AND IN THE WORKSHOP OF IT'S CREATOR . . .
OVER SIX HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR, FLASH! WITH THAT SPEED WE NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT PLANES! WE'LL BE MILES AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF OUR CRIMES BEFORE THE SURVIVORS CAN SEND A TELEGRAM!
ONLY ONE THING WORRIES ME, DR. THROTTLE! THE WHIZZER!
I'VE THOUGHT OF HIM! WE'LL PUT HIM OUT OF THE PICTURE BEFORE WE BEGIN OUR WORK! A LITTLE RACE ---AND HE'LL GET -- SLIGHTLY HURT! HA! HA!
I'LL WRITE HIM AN INVITATION NOW!
NOW YOUR TALKING, BOSS!
LATER--IN THE HOME OF JACK ROBINSON . . .
THIS LOOKS LIKE FUN! A CERTAIN DR. THROTTLE IS CHALLENGING ME TO A RACE WITH HIS SPEED CAR! I'LL TELL HIM I ACCEPT WITH PLEASURE!
ALL OVER THE NATION THE GREAT SPEED TEST IS HAILED . .
WHIZZER TO RACE METEOR III
BIG RACE
THE DAY OF THE BIG RACE ARRIVES . .
HERE COMES THE WHIZZER! ---HURRAY!
WE'RE BETTING ON YOU, WHIZZER!
HOWDY FOLKS! LET'S GET STARTED!

S'FUNNY DR. THROTTLE DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO SHAKE HANDS?
ON YOUR MARK! ---GET SET---
METEOR III
THE TWO SPEED-MARVELS FLASH DOWN THE COURSE...
THAT BUS IS PRETTY FAST, BUT I STILL THINK I'M FASTER!
WHIZZ
THIS IS EVEN EASIER THAN I THOUGHT!
OKAY! HANG ON! --- HERE WE GO!
HEY! STAY ON THE COURSE!
THIS IS CURTAINS, WHIZZER!
HURRY! HE'S STILL GOING FASTER THAN WE ARE!
SUDDENLY--A VICIOUS SWEEP--AND THE WHIZZER IS BROUGHT DOWN...
OW!
HA! HA! SO LONG WHIZZER! YOU DON'T RUN AWAY FROM THIS ONE!
SECONDS LATER..
WHIZZER, ARE YOU HURT?
I'LL BE OKAY! GOT TO CATCH THAT CAR.


THE WHIZZER IS OFF ON A TERRIFIC CROSS COUNTRY CHASE . . .
GUESS I'LL TAKE A FEW SHORT CUTS! THEY'VE GOT A WHOLE MINUTES START ON ME.!
WHIZZ
THERE THEY ARE! IF THEY'RE PUTTING ON ALL THEIR SPEED NOW, I'M DOING ALL RIGHT!
WHIZZ
MUST BE DR.THROTTLE'S SECRET WORK SHOP! I THINK I'LL PAY HIM A VISIT!
WHA---! THE WHIZZER!
NONE OTHER, DOC!
WHIZZ
BUT LIGHTNING FAST, THE METEOR III LEAPS FORWARD.
OOF!
YOU'RE NOT AS FAST AS YOU THINK, WHIZZER!
HALF DAZED, THE WHIZZER FINDS HIMSELF A PRISONER . . .
I'M GLAD YOU CAME, WHIZZER! NOW I CAN PUT MY TREADMILL DESIGN TO A TEST! HA-HA!
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME ?
YOU'LL FIND OUT!
4


DR. THROTTLE DISPLAYS HIS FIENDISH DEVICE . . . .
BEHOLD YOUR DOOM, WHIZZER! CHAINED TO THIS MACHINE, YOU'LL GO MAD IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS --- BECAUSE, YOU SEE, THE BELT TURNS AS FAST AS YOU CAN RUN!
REALLY!
AND WHILE YOU DIE HERE, WE'LL BE OFF TO THE DRUMMAN AIRCRAFT FACTORY TO REPLENISH OUR RADIUM FUEL, WHICH IS RUNNING LOW!
IF YOU THINK YOU CAN RAID THAT PLACE, YOU'VE ANOTHER GUESS COMING!
GETTING THE RADIUM IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! WITH FUEL FOR THE METEOR, WE CAN STEAL-KILL-KIDNAP, AND NO ONE WILL CATCH US!
IT SOUNDS GOOD, THROTTLE, BUT YOU HAVEN'T DONE IT YET! AND YOU WON'T -- IF MY NAME'S THE WHIZZER!
VAINLY THE WHIZZER STRIVES TO BREAK HIS CHAINS . . .
FINALLY, AS THE WHIZZER TRIES TO STOP . . .
GETTING TIRED! ----OUCH!
I JUST HEARD THEIR CAR START! I'VE GOT TO BREAK FREE! IT'S NOW OR NEVER! GOT TO BURN UP THESE BELTS!


GRADUALLY, THE HIGH FRICTION CREATES FLAME BENEATH THE WHIZZER'S FEET . . .
(GASP) (GASP)
I THINK I --- CAN DO IT ---
THERE GOES ONE OF THE CHAINS! NOW FOR THE OTHER!
SNAP
SECONDS LATER -- THE MIGHTY WHIZZER STREAKS FROM THE CAVE . . .
WHEW! NOW FOR A RACE TO THE DRUMMAN FACTORY!
WHIZZZ
THE METEOR IS SIGHTED ---- DESPERATELY THE WHIZZER CROWDS ON SPEED . . .
BOSS! IT LOOKS LIKE THE WHIZZER BEHIND US!
WHAT? IT CAN'T BE!
GOT TO --- STOP THEM!
DRUMMAN
WHIZZZ
AAAGH!
BRAKE DOWN, THROTTLE! THIS IS YOUR LAST STOP!
SCREEEECH!
WHIZZZ
SCREEEECH!
SCREEECH!
SCREEECH!
GOSH, WHIZZER, THAT CAR WOULD HAVE GONE RIGHT THROUGH THE FACTORY IF YOU HADN'T STOPPED IT! --- WHO ARE THESE GUYS?
JUST TWO RATS LESS IN AMERICA! TURN 'EM OVER TO YOUR GUARDS! TELL 'EM THEY'RE PRESENTS FROM THE WHIZZER!
THE END.

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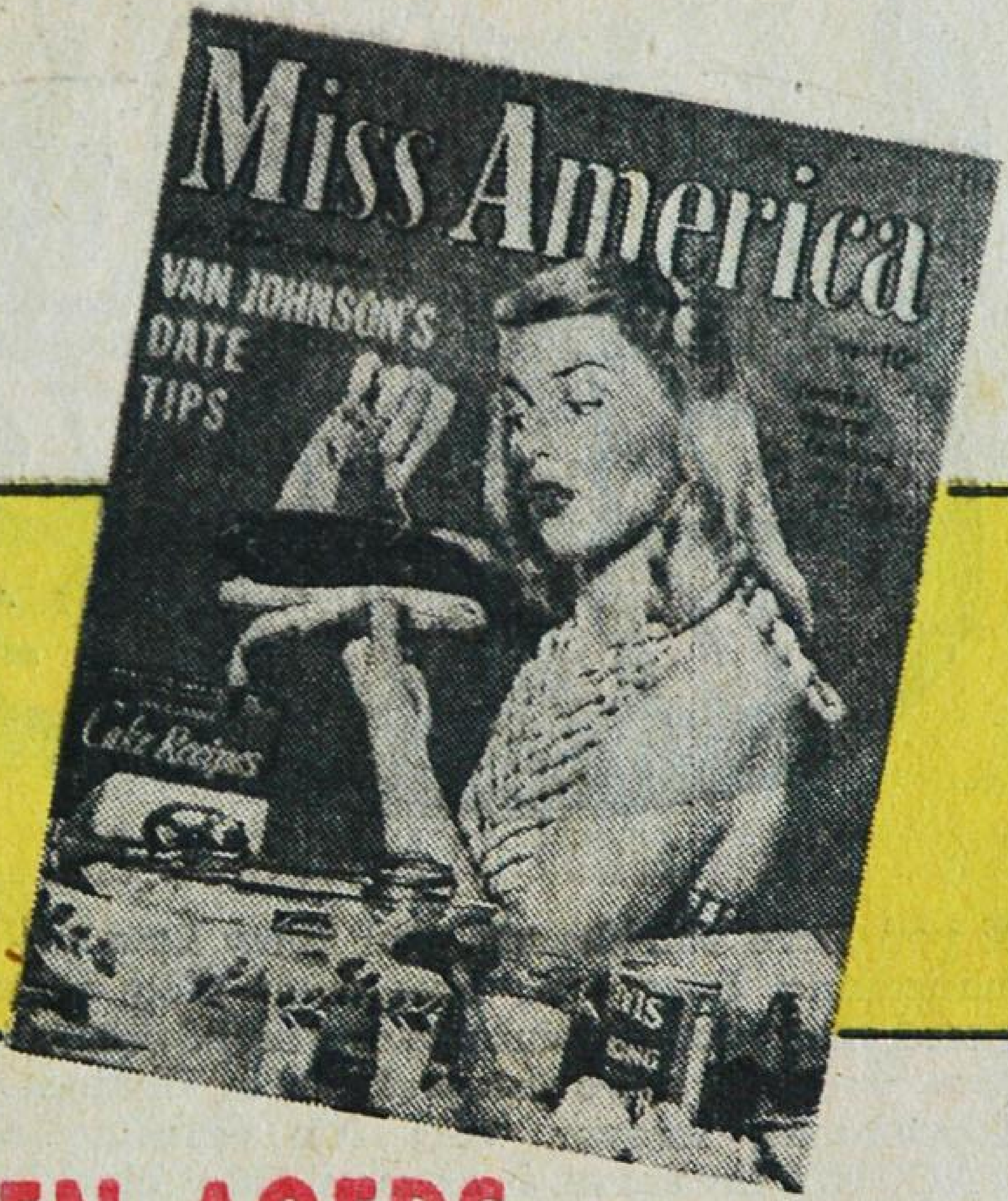

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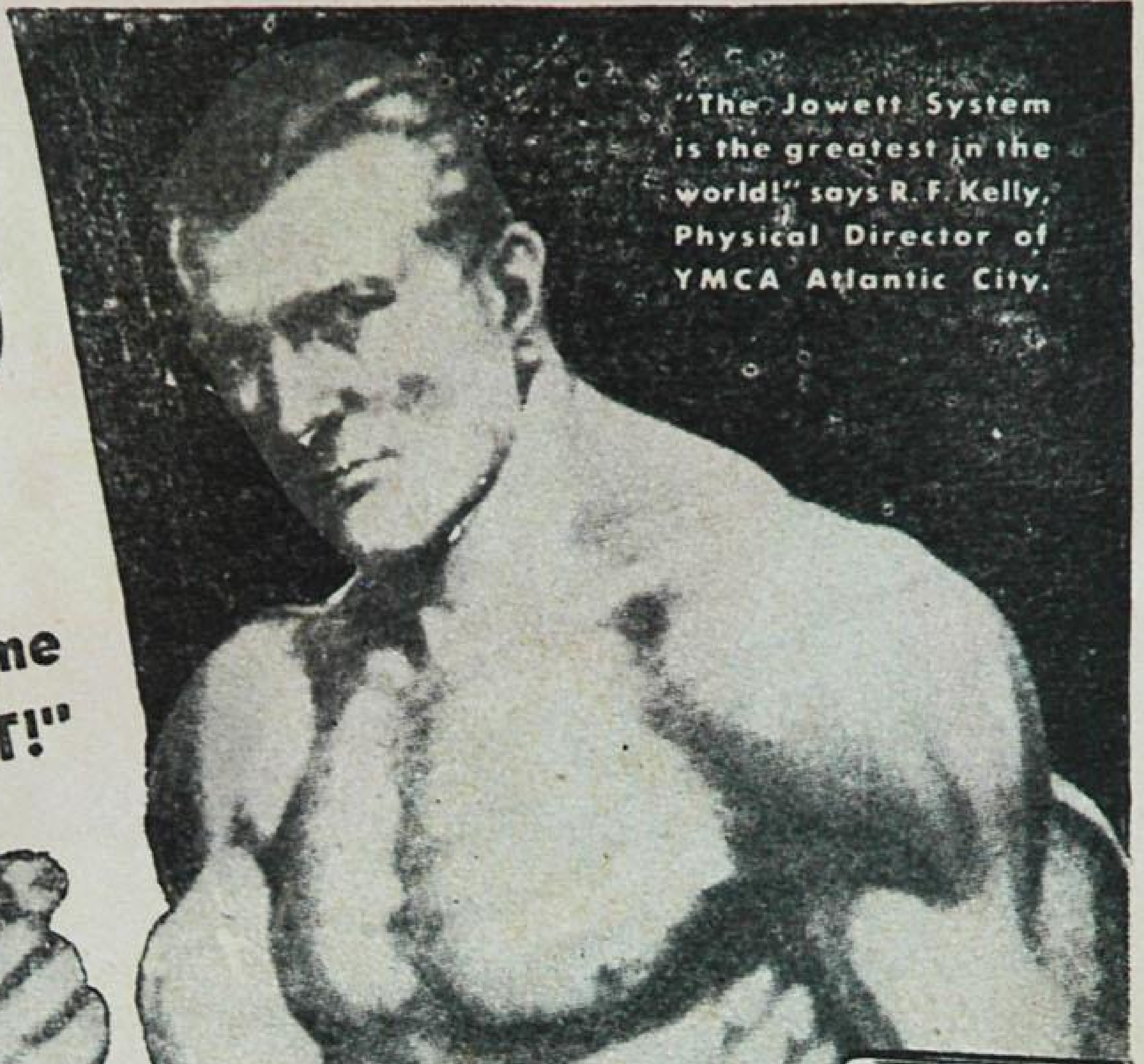

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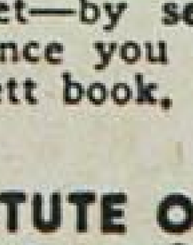

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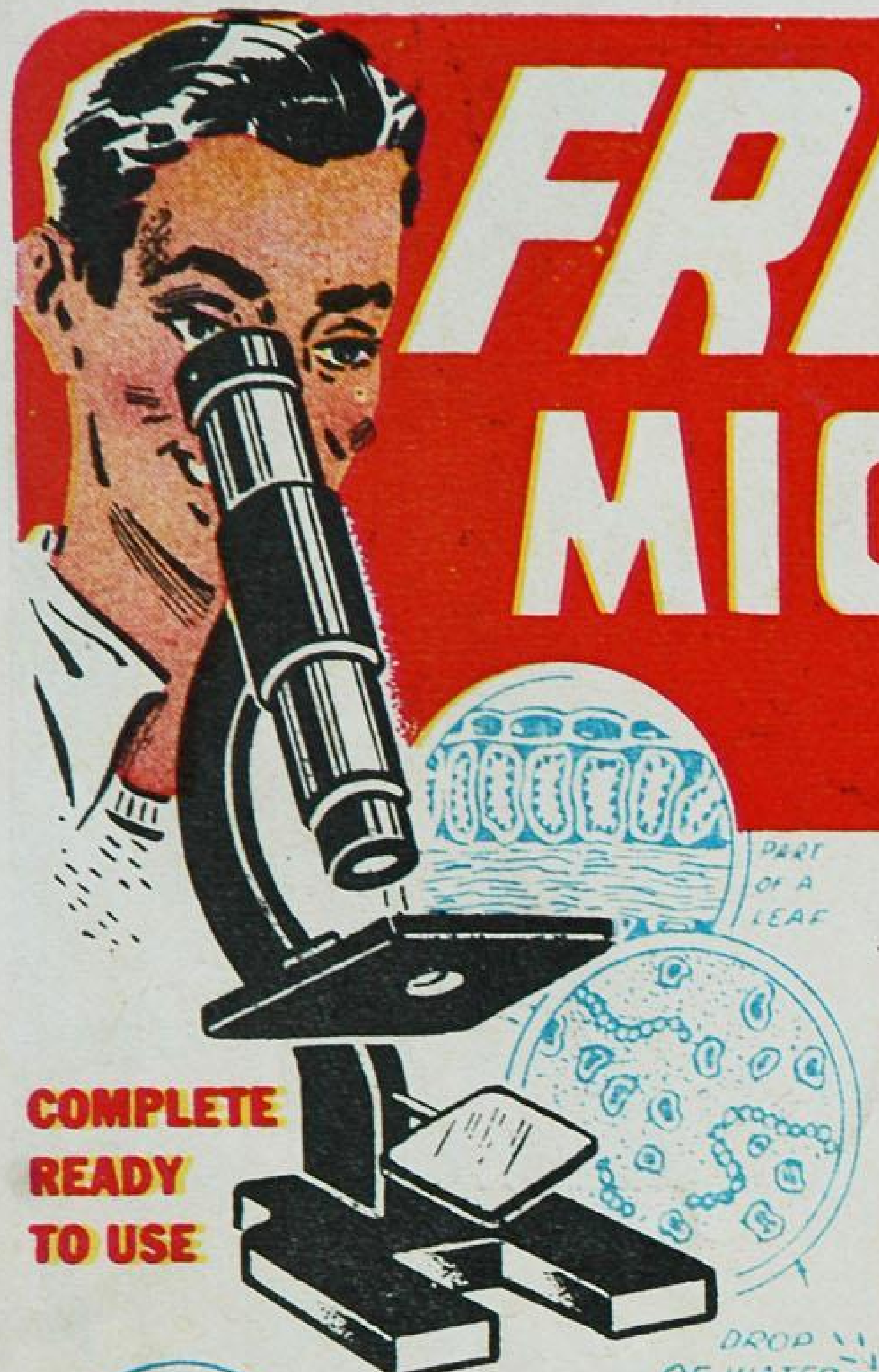

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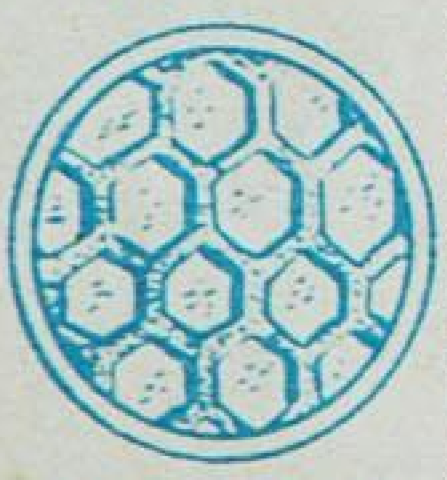

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